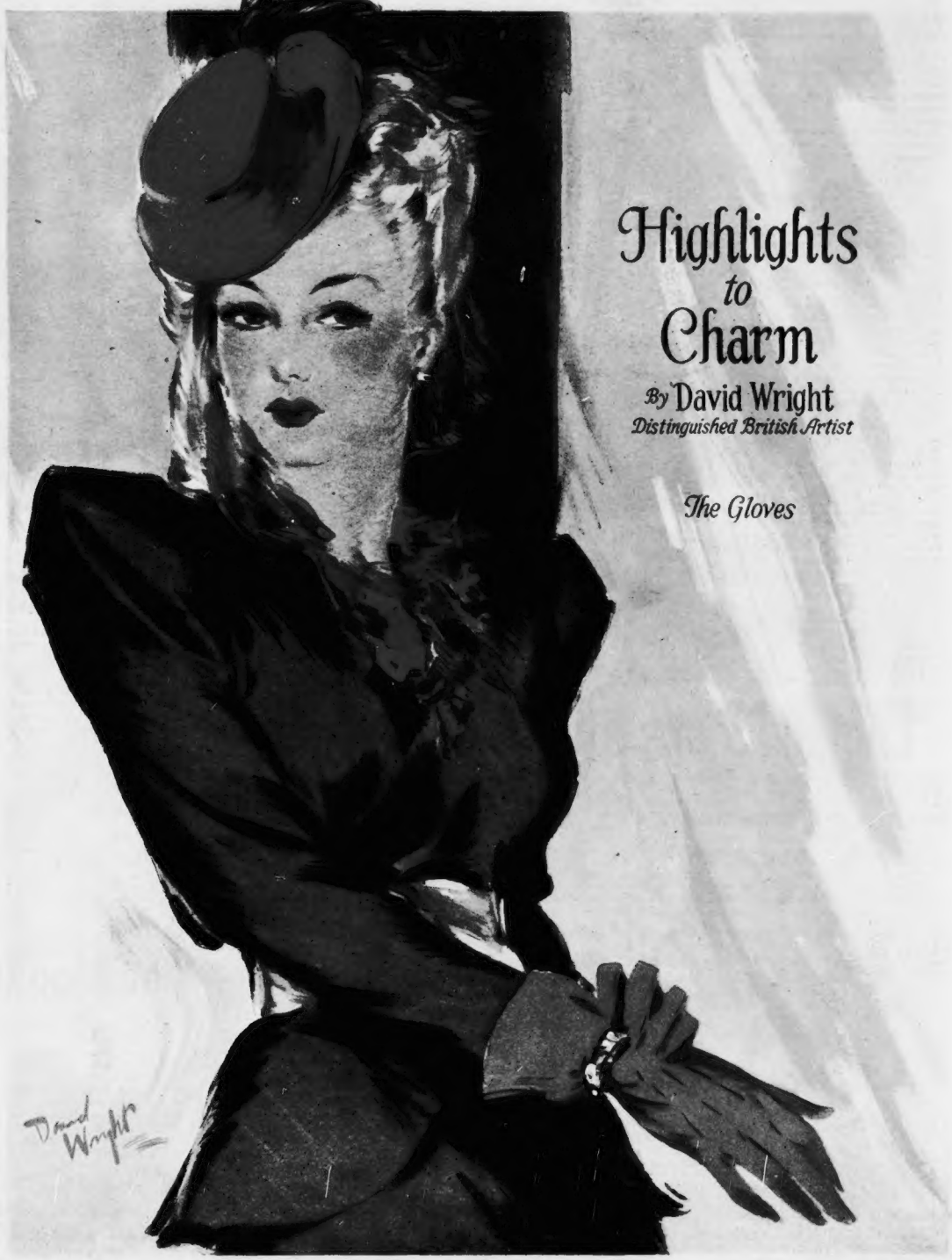
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser
Copyright, 1944, by American Weekly, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.
Week of May 14, 1944



Highlights to Charm

By David Wright
Distinguished British Artist

The Gloves

He "Died" Four Times — for Science

EVERY now and then science, or chance, snatches someone from the brink of the grave and the rescued one records his journey to the dim and mystic gates of death.

These travelers who come back from the Beyond seldom get to talk about more than one such experience—but Britain boasts a man who has set out on no less than four such eerie excursions. He's still among the living. His name is Sir Joseph Barcroft. And he gambled with the Grim Reaper for the good of medical science and his fellow men.

Just the other day Sir Joseph, a dignified and chipper old gentleman of 71, modestly accepted a medal from the British Royal Society for his self-imposed brushes with Oblivion. His state of health and sparkling good humor belied the grim and painful nature of his researches.

From the days when he was a young and extraordinarily inquisitive physiologist, the British scientist has believed that the mind works best when the blood has a certain balance between its physical and chemical elements. And that when this delicate balance is disturbed the brain is affected.

His experiments indicated that low temperatures do something to the blood. So he removed most of his clothes and had himself shut into a little room as cold as the Arctic regions.

He shivered and shook and jotted down his reactions. His colleagues urged him to cut the test short, but he stuck to the job until his mind refused to function normally. He was, literally, frozen and almost unconscious before he signaled to the watchers outside that he wanted to come out.

Another time, when he was ready to test the effect of poisonous gases on the blood stream, he and a dog went into a chamber contaminated with prussic acid fumes. At the end of 10 minutes observers rescued him from what would have been certain death. The dog had ceased to breathe long before Sir Joseph quit—with more information valuable to mankind.

The Dog That the Scientist Took With Him Into the Gas-Filled Chamber Collapsed and Died—But the Man Stayed On.

In a third dangerous and painful test of the durability of men he lived for a week in a sealed glass case from which life-giving oxygen was gradually removed. He found out what he wanted to know, but he came mighty close to cutting his distinguished career short.

His fourth scientific tilt with Death was a 20-minute stay in a room filled with deadly carbon-monoxide—with which many a discouraged human has put an end to his earthly problems. The brave Britisher recorded his sensations as he rapidly began to lose consciousness, and finally recovered his health with some very useful information.

Sir Joseph says it's true that freezing to death is one of the least painful ways to depart from this troubled world.

"As I lay naked in that below-zero room," he says, "I folded my arms and legs in an effort to protect myself from the painful cold. I couldn't think clearly as I tried to stop shivering. Then came a beautiful, peaceful feeling of warmth. I stretched out my legs and, literally, basked in the bitterly frigid atmosphere."

England Stops Looking for Napoleon

BACK in 1940 when all Britain was set for Hitler's threatened invasion, thousands of watchers were stationed along the English east coast.

Among the spotters on duty near the town of Rye was Chummy Barton. But he wasn't looking for the Nazis. Believe it or not he was keeping a sharp watch for Napoleon.

Barton wasn't a crackpot. He was only doing the job he was paid for. Municipal authorities gave him an annual salary to stand on the cliffs and watch the waters for any sign of Bonaparte's army. For over 140 years, Rye officials have been paying for a Napoleon lookout. The job, something of an honor, has been handed down from man to man.

As the threat of a Hitler invasion diminished, Channel watchers were gradually withdrawn. But Barton, as he had done long before World War II broke out, stuck to his post. Recently, however, he died, and municipal authorities decided not to hire a successor. It was agreed the job should have been done away with long ago.

When the first watcher was hired in 1803, France and England were locked in a bitter war, and the threat of a Napoleonic invasion was as real as that of Hitler in 1940. The French Emperor's defeat at Waterloo in 1815 ended that, but the citizens of Rye nevertheless decided to retain a lookout. Barton, like his predecessors, only kept a part-time watch.

The Old Englishman Knew His Job Had Been Useless for a Hundred Years—But He Was Paid to Keep His Eyes Peeled for Napoleon and His Army.

Fell in Love with a Monkey

FLOYD STEWARD, of San Pedro, Cal., a private in the United States Army, is head-over-heels in love with a monkey—and he doesn't give a hoot who knows it. The little simian saved the soldier's life three times.

During some of the most hectic fighting in Tunisia and Algeria, the little creature was Steward's constant companion and the fighting man declares that the monkey also saved 14 of his buddies. The monkey's cautioning chatter warned him and the others of poisoned water they were about to drink from a desert water hole.

On one occasion when Private Steward had been knocked unconscious by a bomb blast and buried beneath a wrecked building, he was rescued from what looked like certain death when the monkey, attracting the attention of other soldiers, led them to the spot. He was quickly dug out with only a few scratches and bruises as mementoes of the grim experience.

Another time, after a parachute mission, the soldier was wandering in wild country almost starved but afraid to eat wild fruit because he could not distinguish the good from the poisonous. The monkey, who had jumped with the paratrooper, picked out the things that were safe for the two of them to eat.

"Any wonder I love the little mutt?" Steward asked recently when he brought his pet home with him on furlough.

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 Days!

14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what the Proved 14-Day Palmolive Plan did for Mrs. Arthur Durant of Boston, Mass.

"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' quick when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a Boston skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some 'average.' After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use *at home* for 14 days.

"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with that lovely, soft Palmolive beauty-lather . . . just like a cream. Do this for a *full* 60 seconds. This massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Then rinse and dry. That's all!

"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was clearer, brighter, less oily! Later I learned *many* skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, feel-able results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now my beauty plan for life!"

YOU, TOO, CAN LOOK FOR THESE BEAUTY RESULTS **IN ONLY 14 DAYS!**

• Brighter, cleaner skin • Finer texture • Better tone
• Fewer blemishes • Less dryness • Less oiliness
• Smoother skin • Fresher, clearer color

(This list is from the reports of the 36 examining doctors!)

NO OTHER SOAP OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS!

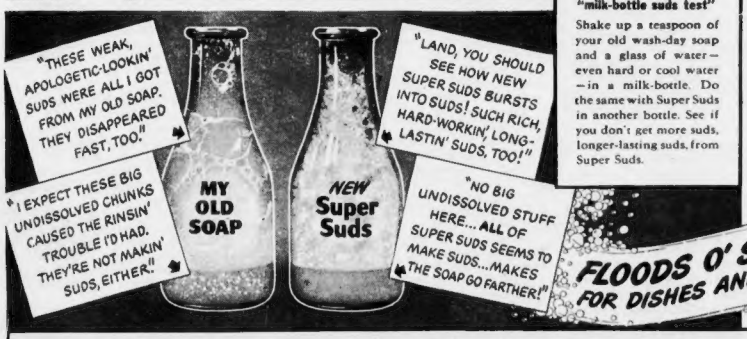
"I wash dresses by the dozen... so praise be for Super Suds' EXTRA SUDS!"

"Lively girls like mine pick up a lot of dirt . . . but it washes out easy with so much MORE SUDS and LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS," says Mrs. Margaret Schorndorf

"PEGGY, Patsy, and little Mary Jane enjoy an afternoon snack of bread 'n' apple butter. I tell them life would be easier for me if they'd do less 'nibbling,' cause it always means more wash. But they know I'm not really provoked . . . Super Suds' *extra suds* makes washing so much easier now. I didn't realize how much work and time *more suds, longer-lastin' suds* would save! Dirt that used to take extra rubbin' usually comes out in the regular wash with new, sudsier-than-ever Super Suds."

Make the "milk-bottle suds test"

Shake up a teaspoon of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water—even hard or cool water—in a milk-bottle. Do the same with Super Suds in another bottle. See if you don't get more suds, longer-lasting suds, from Super Suds.


"THESE WEAK, APOLOGETIC-LOOKIN' SUDS WERE ALL I GOT FROM MY OLD SOAP. THEY DISAPPEARED FAST, TOO."
"I EXPECT THESE BIG UNDISSOLVED CHUNKS CAUSED THE RINSIN' TROUBLE I'D HAD. THEY'RE NOT MAKIN' SUDS, EITHER."
MY OLD SOAP
NEW Super Suds
"LAND, YOU SHOULD SEE HOW NEW SUPER SUDS BURSTS INTO SUDS! SUCH RICH, HARD-WORKIN', LONG-LASTIN' SUDS, TOO!"
"NO BIG UNDISSOLVED STUFF HERE... ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS...MAKES THE SOAP GO FARTHER!"
FLOODS O' SUDS FOR DISHES AND DUDS
Super Suds
Super Suds

★ **DON'T WASTE SOAP!** ★ **Vital war materials are used in making soap**

Can They Bomb Out the Armored T.B. Germ?

Science's Newest and Most Promising Weapon in the Fight Against the White Plague Is "SCG," a Chemical Which May Prove the Clue to the Long-Sought Cure

By GOBIND BEHARI LAL

HAS medical science at last discovered a sort of bazooka gun that will penetrate the armor of the tubercle bacillus, which causes tuberculosis, known as the "great white plague?"

If so, it is the triumphant end of a 17-year-old-long trail of patient research at Yale University, and the investment of nearly $1,000,000 by the National Tuberculosis Association.

The new chemical weapon is Sodium Salt of Cinnamoyl Phosphatidic Acid, a synthetized product usually known as SCG.

The germ of tuberculosis, like the German in his tank, has been a tough proposition to kill, and for the same reason — both are encased in protective armor.

About all the doctor could do for a tubercular patient has been to build up his health and general resistance by better diet and surroundings. This was not enough. The thing needed was a specific something which would get down to work on the TB germ at once.

Probably every kind of medicine has been tried on the TB germ, but all bounced off its armor, even the sulfa drugs, promin and diosene. The infantry of the body is the white cells of the blood. Whenever they and other soldiers find a germ they engulf the enemy, destroy and digest it by means of certain substances which are called enzymes.

Unless the invaders get the jump on the white infantry, the enemy is eventually killed and eaten "to the last man," but with tubercle bacilli, it is different.

The armored tubercle germ, when swallowed, proves to be extremely hard to digest.

In spite of heavy casualties, the white cells usually repel the TB invasions or we would all be dead. Science's job was to hand the cells a new weapon in cases where they were being beaten.

Tuberculosis Bacillus Magnified 43,000 Times and Showing the Armor-Like Walls Through Which, It Is Hoped, the New Chemical, "SCG," Will Blast An Opening and Prove More Curative Than the Present Prescription of Rest, Sunshine and Diet.

To find out all about an enemy tank, one needs only to capture a specimen and take it to pieces. Professor Rudolf J. Anderson and his 31 colleagues at Yale had to analyze an object so small that it could be seen only under a high-power microscope, yet they have listed more than 300 ingredients.

A reliable way to mobilize the fighting cells of the body against an invading germ army is to give the invaded patient a dose of the stuff the germs are coated with, in this case, the phosphatide. Unfortunately, this phosphatide causes some of the symptoms of tuberculosis itself.

Far from discouraged, the scientists set to work devising something near enough to the deadly phosphatide to rally the white cells like a bugle call, and yet be non-poisonous. The result is SCG.

When Drs. Bruno Gerstl, R. Tennant and M. C. Winternitz injected SCG into rabbits, they found it protected the animals from tubercle disease processes.

Victory seems right around the corner, but the victors beg that no false hopes be aroused because it may be a long corner. The formula that works so well on bunny may have to be changed considerably before it can be used on man.

In any event, many long tests must intervene before science will dare release its discovery for general use.

The work is so delicate that the way the germ itself has been killed may make the difference between success and failure.

Prof. Truman Squire Potter of the University of Chicago, working on an anti-tuberculosis vaccine, found that TB bacilli killed by suffocation made the best vaccine.

In one experiment, half of 66 rabbits were inoculated with the new vaccine, the other half not. All were then given strong doses of living human tubercle germs.

Of the 33 vaccinated rabbits, only four reacted with a mild case, but of the 33 unvaccinated, 25 developed severe or fatal cases of tuberculosis.

Still another chemical discovery comes from Dr. Nine Chaucroun of Cornell Medical College, New York City. The scientist first extracted from the germs of human tuberculosis a highly poisonous and disease-causing substance.

She then took this tiny fraction of a microscopic creature to pieces, separating from the poisonous compound a harmless chemical which proved to be useful as a sensitizing substance to rally the groups of soldier cells against the enemy.

A mere man, going through a lady's purse, usually finds strange objects, whose value is not apparent. Much the same thing happened when the Yale scientists turned the TB microbe inside out and began to list its chemical contents.

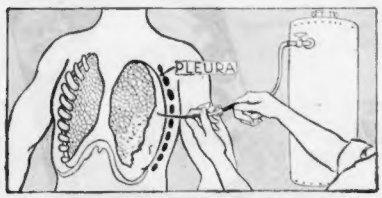
The purpose of many items was clear enough, such as the poisons, which are the enemy's weapons, but others are mysterious. One item especially excited much scientific curiosity because nothing like it had been found previously in any form of life whatever.

They named it "phthoic acid," but what is it and what is it for? Surely the germ would not have created something which it could patent at Washington unless it is useful in the germ's business. It is a safe bet that some day the mystery substance will prove equally useful in man's business, though perhaps not in the medical line.

Though medical science is besieging the enemy on all sides, his extermination is still far away, but meanwhile there is steady advance along simpler lines.

In the early stages of pulmonary tuberculosis, where only a small part of the lung is involved, Prof. Edward D. Churchill, of Harvard University, has developed an operation by which that part is removed, as an enemy salient is "pinched off."

The main reliance, however, must still be prevention by avoiding infection and keeping the general health up to par.



Some Patients Have Been Treated by Collapsing a Lung, Which Is Thus Allowed to Rest While The Tubercular Spot Is Healing.

Bounding Mr. Pardo on the Rebound Again

Love Has Dealt the Millionaire Peruvian Playboy Some Lusty Blows, But He Always Comes Up Smiling—And All in One Piece

Because Ann Wouldn't Marry Him, Alfonso Pardo Did a Steve Brody in Front of a Slow Reno Freight, But (See Below)...

THEY stood in the dusk on the Reno railroad platform, waiting for the eastbound streamliner.

The girl fell into bored, but picturesque poses. To those who watched she was as lovely as a model; in fact, she was a model.

The man bounced around like a rubber ball amid the litter of airplane luggage at her feet. He gesticulated, he mopped his swarthy brow, he talked and talked.

"But why won't you marry me?" he demanded in Latin accents. "There is nothing to prevent it now. You have your divorce. You are free. I am free. We are both on the rebound."

And, as though to illustrate the word, he bounced again.

Anywhere else all this would have attracted attention. But in Reno, the potential spectators, divorcees themselves for the most part, remained absorbed in their own long, melancholy thought. The scene was merely commonplace to them.

Then all at once it became worth watching.

A freight train had come chuffing into sight.

"Will you marry me, or won't you?" insisted the rubbery gentleman. "Yes or no!"

"No," said the girl and, with a silent grinding of gears, she shifted into another bored pose.

"Then I shall certainly throw myself under this train!"

The girl began to laugh. Abruptly the tinkling sounds rose to a scream as her companion performed the most spectacular of all his bounces—right onto the tracks.

"Alfonso!" she cried, but the only reply was the thunder of the engine.

Car after car trundled by, while the girl darted now this way and now that. Jarred out of introspection, other divorcees also began to scuttle about. They resembled brightly-colored autumn leaves, blown in erratic courses by the wind of the train's passage.

There were 100 cars to that freight train. With superb indifference, each one seemed to bowl across Alfonso's prostrate form; luckily it was too dark by this time to make out the details of the mayhem.

When at last the caboose appeared, the divorcees were so exhausted that all they could do was cling together and whimper.

The dreadful, rhythmic clank-clank was diminishing now, but they could not bring themselves to look at the tracks. They had no need to, really, for their imaginations had already pictured the mangled thing, its grisly horror coldly embraced by steel rails.

And then the miracle occurred. A cheery voice cried, "Ann!" and out of the void bounced Alfonso, just as solid and lively as ever. Ann gasped and fell into his arms.

When the expected streamliner streamlined to a stop beside them they were still moaning and clutching at each other among the stunned divorcees.

You'd think that after an experience so shattering, she would have stayed right there with him. But she didn't. Suspicion had already begun to taint her emotions.

She fled into the train and he fled after, minus hat, overcoat, ticket. For lack of the last, he was summarily ejected at Sparks, Nev., the next stop. Nor did she raise a finger to help him, for she had by then become convinced that his leap for love had been a phony.

So it came about that bounding Alfonso Gonzales Pardo, the millionaire playboy, whose great-grandfather was the first president of Peru, was once more on the rebound.

It is a condition which he has grown used to through the years, for which he is well adapted by temperament and physique. Claire Piccard, attractive sister of the stratosphere-exploring Piccard brothers, and Sandra Rambeau, international glamour gal, are a couple of others he has caromed against.

Indeed, it was a rebound from Sandra that propelled him to Reno in the wake of Ann Ryan Peshkin, the beautiful Powers model, for whose sake he took the brody in front of the freight train. He thought that, after her divorce from Milton Peshkin, of New York, he would bounce into her arms, but she bounced him instead.

Much of Alfonso's elasticity seems to have been developed in the course of his ardent wooing of Miss Rambeau.

He began courting her in France before the war. She had been imported there, along with a dozen other American chorus girls, to appear in a popular Monte Carlo review.

Alfonso's first rebuff came when Prince Bishnu, nephew of the Maharajah of Nepal, also became a contestant in the Rambeau sweepstakes.

Prince George of England, later the Duke of Kent, succeeded Bishnu, only to retire in his turn, on command of his royal father.

Alfonso bounced back into the running at this point, but, quick as he was, an Argentine gentleman named Louis Lariviere was quicker.

The force of this unexpected blow carried Alfonso all the way across the ocean to the U.S. A., which was just as well, probably, because both Sandra and Louis were caught in France by the German invasion.

Louis was thrown into a concentration camp, whence Sandra finally rescued him by turning her lethal charms on one high-ranking Nazi officer after another.

To Alfonso's astonishment, she returned to New York alone.

"Hello," she said in response to his rapturous greeting. "Louis was deported to the Argentine and I'm just off to meet him in Mexico City. Good-by."

Weeks passed, again she arrived in New York alone and again Alfonso met her.

"What about Louis?" he asked.

"All finished."

"Ah!" exclaimed Alfonso. "At last!..."

"Just a moment," said Sandra; "I've fallen in love with somebody else..."

So with a despairing cry, he bounced out to Reno after Ann Ryan Peshkin.

Now, on the rebound again, he may have another go at Claire Piccard, whom, last time, he rather annoyed by eating caviar off the back of her pet poodle.

Ann Ryan Peshkin, New York Model, Gave Her Husband the Reno Bounce and Then Bounced Alfonso.

...When the Freight Had Passed, There Was Alfonso, Intact and Ardent As Ever.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Sunday, Mar. 24, 1935

Childhood Tragedies — by Percy Crosby

The Distinguished Creator of "Skippy"

Percy Crosby, Creator of the Famous "Picture With a Message."

Judge Robert Jerome Dunne of Chicago Congratulates One of the Many Families Who Have Decided to Try Again After Heeding the Prayer of Mr. Crosby's Unhappy Little Boy: "Dear Lord, Please Make Mama and Papa Stop Fightin', 'Cause It's Hard to Take Sides When You Love Them Both, an' Besides I'm Ashamed to Face the Kids."

By JOSEPH C. PETERS

THE Magic Picture, published by the American Weekly almost 10 years ago, is still working wonders in saving American families which verged on collapse because of marital misunderstandings that might have led to divorce and the breaking up of homes of many children.

It was on March 24, 1935, that The American Weekly published a front cover page in full color entitled, "Childhood Tragedies."

This dramatic drawing by Percy Crosby, originator of the ragged boy, "Skippy," of the comic strips, shows a little boy kneeling by his bed. The pathetic little figure has his head bowed and his hands clasped in prayer:

"Dear Lord, please make Mama and Papa stop fightin', 'cause it's hard to take sides when you love them both, an' besides, I'm ashamed to face the kids."

Robert H. Fischer, a lawyer in Shawano, Wis., saw in the appealing picture a talisman which would aid him in mending broken marriages and restoring shattered homes.

"Here is a picture," he thought, "that speaks directly to the hearts of every mother and father which, better than a million words, will be able to drive home the devastating consequences of breaking up a family, the injury it works on the children, and the sorrow it brings on the divorced parents."

Immediately, he tested the charm of the talisman in his law practice.

A feuding couple had married very young. They had a child. The wife called up Mr. Fischer, asking him to start divorce proceedings because, she said, her husband never gave her enough money, he flirted with other women, and he drank. And, what is more, he had slapped her face during a cocktail party.

Apparently, under the Wisconsin law, she had grounds for divorce. And when the lawyer called up her husband, he was willing to part with his wife without regrets.

But there was the child, and Mr. Fischer thought he'd try the Magic Picture before dragging the couple to court. After much persuasion, he succeeded in bringing the estranged couple together in his office.

First, he explained to each the seriousness of the intended step, and described the hardship their child would suffer should they press their divorce plans. They agreed in principle, but they still insisted in having their final say in court.

Then, Mr. Fischer left them gether in a room with Crosby's drawing. Whehe returned, both said that they saw the point. here was no divorce and a home was saved.

Since that first case, Mr. Fiser, with the help of the magic talisman, has nonciled more than 500 couples, saved that manyhomesteads from going on the marital rocks, and asured numberless children a happy future.

The story of this Wisconsin layer and his success was told in The American Weekly last January. As a result, an avalanne of letters swamped the editorial offices of tis magazine, requesting copies of the Magic Pictre.

Lawyers, judges, bailiffs, probtion officers, district attorneys, legislators, socialworkers, and other individuals and institutions, pimarily interested in the preservation of the American home, wrote and expressed the desire to have copies of the drawing, which they wanted to frame and hang in their offices for all to see.

Realizing how much good the distribution of this drawing could do, The American Weekly spared no expense in reproducing Crosby's picture in color and sending the beautiful reproductions to all who requested them.

Today, the picture is hanging in courts, judges' chambers and lawyers' offices throughout the country. Countless letters are coming in, praising the drawing and confirming the magic powers it has in mending marriages and broken homes.

"It is the most telling thing I have ever seen," Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York told his radio audience of millions.

Divorce lawyers, especially, praise the magic drawing. Many of them are doing it because they are sincerely concerned in preserving the most sacred institution in America, a happy marriage. But there are many others who like it, too.

CONTRARY to the popular belief, the majority of lawyers prefer settling squabbles outside the court. For they get paid just the same, yet they save the time and work which court proceedings require.

Crosby's drawing does practically all the hardest work for them.

And if a case did come to court, the Magic Picture many times has mended marital rifts before the judge was compelled to grant a divorce.

"Often when a couple comes into court seeking divorce," said Circuit Court Judge Lila M. Neuenfelt, who has the picture on the wall of her courtroom in Detroit, Mich., "a look at that draw-

MORE AND MORE MAGIC By Mr. Crosby's Famous Picture

For Ten Years One Little Cartoon Character Has Proved More Eloquent Than Oratory, Reason, Tears or Pleading in Mending Broken Marriages and Making Thousands of Children the Happiest Kids in the World

Jeannette Bucheimer Lost a Leg But Received Her Heart's Desire Through Mr. Crosby's Generosity.

ing is enough to make them think seriously of the children, and then reconcile their differences."

Circuit Court Judge Robert Jerome Dunne of Chicago has accomplished an astonishing number of reconciliations with the aid of the picture.

There came before him a man and his wife who wanted to separate. Their 7-year-old daughter, who was present, was told she had to choose which parent she wanted to live with.

When the judge saw the child hesitate, he invited the couple into his chambers where he called their attention to the picture, and then left the room. When he came back he found them in each other's arms, fully reconciled.

Another couple who went through that same mill tell their own story:

"We were married in 1935 and had a wonderful home. With an annual income up to $15,000, there was little we lacked. And when our little girl came, it seemed that Heaven had already come down and we were living on its main street."

After eight years of bliss and contentment, the husband began to drink and became abusive. Husband and wife found themselves before Judge Dunne.

"The judge regarded us sternly as we stood before him," the couple relates, "not knowing what to do or say. Two days later, at his invitation, we met in his chambers.

"Like little children caught stealing jam, we sat there while he read the 'riot act' to us, told us that our girl deserved a good home — and by good he meant a home with both a mother and dad in it.

"Then he showed us the great drawing by Percy Crosby. We don't know whether it was the little boy's prayer or whether it was the pathetic little figure, but it certainly did something to both of us. Frankly, we were so moved, we started crying.

"Now, we are together again, and forever, we hope," they concluded.

A boy and girl, in Pittsburgh, Pa., were neglected and forgotten in the angry disputes of their parents over money.

The Crosby drawing in this case, too, worked its charm and the family was restored.

Judge Lila M. Neuenfelt of Detroit Has Seen the Picture Effect Countless Reconciliations.

SUCH events of great importance in preserving the American way of life are taking place now in hundreds of localities. The blessings that the Magic Picture has brought to American homes cannot be overtold.

When the artist, Percy Crosby, learned of the immense benefit his drawing had brought about, he at once sent a wire to William Randolph Hearst, saying:

"After reading the touching story in The American Weekly today, where my picture of the boy praying saved many marriages from divorce courts, I want you to know that when I created this picture, inclusive of prayer, it never occurred to me it would do so much good for suffering humanity.

"The soul within me, which is no more than a brother to all souls, prompts me to return the money, for I feel that God wants it that way.

"Will you see that the $500 I received for the little boy's prayer is distributed among poor little kids, and buys them toys and candy, and tell them God will never desert them, as it is written—'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'"

The telegram speaks for itself. The $500 was at once distributed to 10 cities in the nation where Mr. Hearst asked his editors to follow Mr. Crosby's desire to use the money for "poor little kids."

The newspapers assigned to the job of spending their allotments of the money went to work immediately in searching out deserving cases. Happiness soon found its way in many places just where it should have been at all times.

In Seattle, Wash., the Post-Intelligencer used its portion of the Crosby fund to buy a playbed in the local orthopedic hospital for the use of youngsters suffering from infantile paralysis.

They named the cot "Skippy," after Crosby's immortal character. Now the kids can play in it to help them forget their long days and nights of pain.

A Boston mother, in bad health, penniless, and deserted by her husband just before her second child was born, received another part of the Crosby fund from the Boston American.

She, herself, had come from a broken home. She had known the agonies of insecurity and the dark hours of bitterness and disappointment of a neglected child. And she saw it come over her own children. It wasn't much, but the $50 was big when it came.

Charlie, 13, lived in a New York walk-up flat where the sun never shines. His father is dead. His sick mother tries her best to take care of him, his little brother and two small sisters.

The authorities put Charlie into a foster home three separate times, but each time he soon fled back to his home. Poor and humble though it was, it was home to him.

The New York Journal-American gave him its share of the Crosby fund in toys, candy, clothes and other things he needed. His dank home has brightened considerably since.

In Baltimore, Md., pretty 16-year-old Jeannette Bucheimer had to have her right leg amputated. Her triumph over pain and tragedy was heroic. She refused to recognize defeat. She could sing, and her wish was to entertain soldiers—if she had a guitar.

The Baltimore News-Post and Sunday American bought her the guitar, as well as other gifts, much to the delight of the girl.

In San Francisco, Johnny's mother and dad have been listed as "missing" for months, and he was left entirely alone.

But the San Francisco Examiner saw to it that he got some new clothes, toys to play with, and candy enough to pass around among his playmates. Most of all, this gesture gave him the assurance that the world still had good folks to look out for him.

JIMMY, 11 years old, a very ambitious boy, has always wanted to be an airplane designer when he grows up. But his father is in a tuberculosis sanitarium, and his mother had a rather tough time bringing him up properly, together with his smaller brother and a baby sister. There never was enough money in the house to help Jimmy to indulge in his hobby.

Then, a Detroit Times reporter turned Jimmy loose in a model airplane store. Loaded with materials to make a Spitfire, a Mustang, an M-4 tank, and a complete set of model-making tools, the boy returned to his home and mother so glowing that the whole household was made the happiest in Detroit that day.

These are only a very few examples of the good will Crosby's eloquent picture has brought into the American home.

It is safe to assume that much more good will be accomplished as soon as more reproductions of the Magic Picture reach all corners of our great country.

It shouldn't be long before the framed motto hanging over the bed of Crosby's little boy will really mean something to every American man, woman and child. The motto, so familiar to all of us, says:

Be it ever so Humble,
There's no place like Home.

Robert H. Fischer, Shawano, Wis., Lawyer, Was First to Discover the Magic of the Picture and Has Used It Since to Restore Happiness in More Than 500 Homes.

Printing War News Gets Tom's Clothes Grimy . . . BUT DUZ CLEANS 'EM EASY!

DUZ does EVERYTHING

-all 3 Kinds of Wartime Wash!

1 CAN'T BEAT MY TOWELS FOR WHITENESS —NO SOAP MADE CAN GET 'EM WHITER THAN DUZ!
2 EVEN TOM'S DIRTY WORK-CLOTHES WASH OUT EASY—DUZ HAS REAL CLEANING POWER!
3 YET DUZ IS SAFER FOR COLORS— FOR PRETTY RAYON UNDIES! HELPS CLOTHES LAST LONGER!
DUZ
SAFE SUDS! WHITER WASHES!

DUZ does MORE!

No matter what soap you use on washday—DUZ can do more for you! Yes—this amazing new kind of soap can't be beat for getting clothes clean and white. And in addition—DUZ is safer for colors than any other leading washday soap. So get DUZ today—DUZ does everything!

DON'T WASTE SOAP—MAKE DUZ DO MORE!

Measure DUZ in a cup or glass. A little DUZ a lot.
Soak clothes in clear, cool water before washing.
Use the same DUZ suds for several loads of clothes.

The Pajama Girl Floated Just as Mother Dreamed

For Nearly Ten Years the Unidentified Body Was Preserved in a Tank at Sydney University, Until a Mother's Dream Put a Detective and a Dentist on the Trail of Her Murderer.

But Eventually Police Persistence Solved the Mystery Murder, So They Took Linda Platt's Body Out of the Tank and Buried It

Linda Platt, Australia's Mysterious "Pajama Girl."

By GERALD DUNCAN

FOR nearly ten years she floated in her yellow silk pajamas, emblazoned with a green dragon on the back, in a tank of formalin in Sydney University's Pathological Museum at the seaport-capital of New South Wales, Australia.

Nobody knew who she was. So police called her The Pajama Girl.

She was pretty once. They could tell that, even though her face was battered and burned when they found her body in a culvert in September, 1934. But the curtain fell on her identity with her death, so far as they could discover. They were determined, nevertheless, to penetrate the mystery and catch the killer, which was why they preserved her body.

On the other side of the world, in a cottage at Littlehampton, Sussex, England, an aging mother grieved for her missing daughter. For nearly ten years she grieved, and as she grieved she dreamed. She dreamed her daughter was floating.

To widowed Mrs. Edith Flemington, the recurrent dream was a portent—an omen that somehow, somewhere, sometime her daughter, Linda Platt, would be found.

Mrs. Flemington determined to pursue the promise of the dream. Her pen began scratching across sheets of paper, telling how her daughter dropped from sight. She circularized her story to police chiefs throughout the world. She wrote hundreds of letters, week after week, month after month. She told about her dream of her floating daughter.

The fates worked slowly. But working at opposite sides of the globe, they eventually pulled Mrs. Flemington and the police of Sydney to the same objective. Linda and The Pajama Girl—after nearly ten years—were established as the same person.

The story of Linda Platt and how she became The Pajama Girl began 39 years ago with her birth in London. After her schooling she decided to travel. In 1928 she sailed for New Zealand. Two years later she was in Melbourne, a cashier in a cinema.

While Linda was selling tickets she met Antonio Agostini. He was a suave Italian, who was the owner of a newspaper.

Linda went to work for Agostini, and she gave him her heart as well as her head. He wanted to give her a diamond as a betrothal present.

"No," she said. "I would rather have the money to go home."

So Agostini paid her passage to England in 1930. She stayed with her family, buying her trousseau. A sister made her a present for her hope chest—yellow silk pajamas, with a green dragon on the back.

After a few months she returned to Australia and she and the eager Antonio Agostini were married.

The Agostinis moved to Carlton, a suburb of Melbourne, and Linda wrote regularly to her mother. Meanwhile, Linda's father had died and her mother had remarried and left London for Littlehampton. In August, 1934, Linda wrote that her mother's birthday present was in the mails. That was the last letter received from her.

When the correspondence ceased abruptly, Mrs. Flemington wrote to Agostini. Agostini replied that Linda had left him.

Mrs. Flemington started her search. One of her letters reached Sydney, where police by that time had found the body in the culvert.

The body was disfigured by bullet wounds and the face was burned. The police called in a physiognomist and a plastic surgeon. They built a new face for the woman and called her The Pajama Girl.

Sydney police sent Mrs. Flemington a photograph of The Pajama Girl.

She sent back word: "No."

Sydney police continued their hunt. Mrs. Flemington continued hers.

Then came the denouement.

Sydney's police chief assigned a squad of detectives to overhaul the files on the case. While they were working on them another letter arrived from Mrs. Flemington. In it, she said she had been dreaming again that her daughter was floating—and urged police to continue the search.

After reading that latest letter, one of the detectives had a hunch. He didn't believe in clairvoyance, or second sight, or any kind of psychic phenomena. Yet, who could tell?

Following out his hunch, the detective went to a dentist with a cast of The Pajama Girl's dental work. The dentist's files yielded a record of repairs to Linda Platt's teeth. It matched the cast of The Pajama Girl.

And suddenly people remembered Linda. Somebody remembered the yellow silk pajamas with the green dragon. And Antonio Agostini.

Detectives traced him to a restaurant, where he was a waiter.

Yes, he said, his wife was dead. He woke up one night, he related, to find her bending over him with a pistol. She was going to kill him, he said, because he quarreled with her about her drinking. He grabbed the weapon and it went off.

He put her body in a sack, drove to the culvert and set her afire.

But they charged him with murder and prepared to put the floating body to rest and close the book on The Case of The Pajama Girl.

In England, Mrs. Flemington said: "For the first time in ten years my mind is at rest."

Police Found the Pajama Girl's Body Under a Culvert Near Albury, Australia, Shot and Horribly Burned. GALLOWAY Photo

The Rare Aging Disease, Progeria, Turns a Normal Infant Into an Old Man by Shrivelling Tissues and Skin, Making Veins Stand Out and Hair Grow Thin.

Baby 60 Months Ago; Now an Aged Man

Clarence Kehr, the Wonder Boy of Toledo, an Adult at Six.

Tiny Victim of the World's Strangest Disease, He's Wizened Into a Senile Septuagenarian at 5, But Science Has Already Begun Turning the Clock Back by a Modern Medical Miracle

By IRMIS JOHNSON

BY A CURIOUS and most unkind trick of Nature little Paul Banks of St. Louis seems to have been handed insuperable odds in the battle every human being fights to the last ditch — the struggle to delay Father Time as long as possible; to keep from getting old.

This five-year-old boy apparently has had the whole three-score-and-ten years of a proverbial life span telescoped into his meager sojourn of approximately 60 months. For him all the recent strides science has made toward greater longevity seem to have been in vain.

Born an apparently normal baby, so far as medical opinion goes, Paul never was sickly or a cry-baby. He walked at an age early enough to make his parents proud, but there was nothing precocious about his first steps. He babbled, gurgled and learned to talk just as the many thousands of other babies do every year.

Then, when the child was about a year old, neighbors began looking curiously at him. "He's just a baby," they would whisper, "but really, doesn't he look just like a little old man?"

Superior Gland Functioning Probably Kept Ninon de Lenclos, Louis XIV's Sweetie, Young and Beautiful at Ninety; and Helped Chief Ka-Be-Nah-Civey-Wence (Shown at the Left) To Live 137 Years.

At 5, Jimmy Anderson, Another Victim of Senile Disease, Looked Like an Ancient Gnome.

And now, four years later, that's what science says he is—a 70-year-old man at five.

Pediatricians at Children's Hospital in St. Louis report he's suffering from a disease so rare that there have been only four recorded cases in the United States. Progeria is the name of this odd ailment and it means premature senility.

The skin on his hands is wrinkled and aged. His nails are brittle and his joints are gnarled. He suffers from a mild form of arthritis. Large veins stand out on his head.

Glandular disturbance, perhaps in the pituitary which manufactures the growth hormone, is believed to be at the root of Paul's unhappy predicament. Sometimes survival in the body of a gland that normally would disappear at birth causes degenerative disorders — of which the St. Louis boy's is one type. A gland absorbed that should have survived into adult life will also bring about abnormality.

Happier and less unique are the numerous cases where expertly functioning hormone factories keep people "young" up to the century mark and sometimes beyond.

Ninon de Lenclos, the beautiful charmer of King Louis XIV's era, who still was captivating lovers at the age of 90, is a classic example. But everyone knows some woman—or man—today who looks and feels 10 or 20 years younger than his or her chronological age. Superior gland functioning also is a factor contributing to several remarkable instances of fatherhood recorded among near centenarians.

In contrast to these oldsters blessed with "eternal youth," we find the alleged oldest American, Chief Ka-Be-Nah-Civey-Wence, who supposedly lived to be 137, looking pretty decrepit. But his case is no tragedy as is that of the infant progeria sufferer, Paul Banks, and another, Jimmy Anderson, who at five looked almost as old as the chief.

Paul has reached only the stature of a one-year-old, but, recent doses of thyroid extract and vitamins have started him growing again. It is reported that pituitary extract injection also will be tried. What medical experts need to discover is how to transpose the aging process in his body to the techniques of rejuvenation.

One of the outstanding cases of regression—but one that was far beyond the control of science—was reported recently by Dr. Beverly R. Tucker, at Virginia Medical College.

A 62-year-old woman who'd been pampered and waited on all her life suddenly lost her devoted husband. Not knowing how to meet her problems alone, she gradually reverted to the thoughts and ways of a child.

Soon she apparently had grown younger than her own sons and daughters and at the time she was sent to Dr. Tucker he says, "She was like a nice little girl wearing short dresses and rocking in her chair."

He and his associates worked desperately to set back the hands of her personality clock, but she soon took on the traits of a careless three-year-old. Her speech became only a prattle. She crawled on the floor.

In only a few months she progressed further to the kicking, cooing baby stage. Finally, assuming the folded up pose of an unborn infant, she died.

Undoubtedly, this woman's rapid trek back from old age to infancy —and death—was caused by a complete mental upset, which in turn affected her glandular balance. For the endocrine system and the mind work in extremely close association.

One of the most unusual outcomes of human glands on the rampage was that of Clarence Kehr, of Toledo, O.

First intimation that this boy was developing precociously came when he started crying in a guttural voice at nine months and raised a fuzzy moustache in the next 60 days. At three years he was known as the "Strongest Baby in the World." He could hoist a full-grown man into the air.

At six, Clarence was four feet tall and his physique functionally was that of an adult. He was excluded from school because he was "too old." He also was unusually intelligent.

That was 13 years ago, and perhaps no one would have predicted that today Clarence would be living a perfectly normal life, working in an aircraft factory in Toledo. He's married to a tiny girl of three feet, for the Wonder Boy who jumped right from the cradle into adolescence is no taller now, himself, than at six.

Just as the Toledo boy's development took an unusual turn, no one can say with certainty what will happen to Paul Banks. Nature might reverse his bizzare development or science find a cure.

As Amazing as Aladdin's Lamp

In the Pacific Northwest, 650 suburban acres were transformed into the country's largest mass housing project, within the space of a few months. *Motor trucks helped to transport the materials for 9,942 dwelling units housing around 40,000 members of war working families.*

A Southwestern firm manufactures as many as 5,000 prefabricated houses in a month. *Each day hundreds of these units, five to a motor truck, roll across the nation's highways to Army Camps and war housing areas.*

At an Eastern Army Camp, miles from the nearest railroad line, construction schedules called for the completion of 1,200 new buildings for 20,000 soldiers within 75 days. *Every foot of lumber, every pound of nails, every piece of building material was brought into Camp by motor truck.*

Since the beginning of the war, there have been scores of such housing construction miracles . . . miracles that would be worthy of even Aladdin's mythical Magic Lamp.

In every case motor trucks made them possible!

A recent statement from the Office of Defense Transportation emphasized that: *"Automotive Transportation is absolutely essential to the winning of the War. Goods must reach their destinations and workers must get to their jobs . . . on time."* Join the U. S. Truck Conservation Corps and keep your trucks in best possible condition. Your GMC truck dealer is pledged to help you.

INVEST IN VICTORY . . .
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

HIGHWAY TRANSPORT . . . VITAL TO VICTORY AND THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION
General Motors Corporation

Home of Commercial GMC Trucks and GM Coaches . . . Volume Producer of GMC Army Trucks and Amphibian "Ducks"

NERO WAS A PIKER

Herded There in the Arena Like the Christian Martyrs of Old, the Hostages of the Nazis Awaited Their Doom.

With 300 Pitiful Hostages for Victims and Machine Guns Instead of Savage Beasts, Nazi Super-men Write the Most Shameful Chapter in the Colosseum's Long Record of Blood and Torment

BERNE, Switzerland

RECENT dispatches from the Swiss-Italian border report that the ancient Colosseum in Rome where the early Christians were tortured to death by the Romans has again become the scene of bloody, brutal massacres of innocents.

This time, however, it was not a bloodthirsty Roman Emperor who ordered the executions of helpless men and women. It was the modern machine gun bearing minions of the Third Reich.

And no wild beasts as of old were let loose against the defenseless victims, but disciplined cohorts of the Nazis.

According to the dispatches, during the morning procession through Rome, marking the 25th anniversary of Fascism last March, riots broke out. Patriots threw bombs, shots were fired, and 24 Gestapo officers and 14 Italian members of the militia were killed.

The Germans rounded up thousands of hostages that same afternoon, picked out 300 and hauled them in trucks to the Colosseum, where they were herded into the ruins of the ancient arena and mowed down with machine gun bullets.

It was reported that among the slain was 83-year-old Victor Orlando, former Premier of Italy, who represented his country at the Versailles peace conference where he, with President Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau formed the famous Big Four. This was later denied by German sources, but so far no official confirmation of the denial has been received.

Although modern weapons were used, the performance was no less savage than the persecution of Christians in the same arena almost 2,000 years ago.

"No Escape"—Mellville du Mont's Famous Painting of the Victim of a Roman Spectacle.

Italy's Former Premier, Victor Orlando, Reported Slain in the Colosseum Massacre.

The Colosseum was built for the purpose of just such horrid spectacles.

Emperor Vespasian began the erection of the Colosseum on the site of the artificial lake which Nero had built at his Golden House.

Eight years later, in A.D. 80, Vespasian's son, Emperor Titus, the pounderer of Jerusalem, finished it.

The inauguration festivities lasted 100 days. During that period thousands of gladiators perished and many more thousands, mostly Christians, were devoured by wild beasts.

Succeeding emperors tried to outdo the brutality of their predecessors. Emperor Trajan celebrated his victory over the Dacian King, Decebalus, in A.D. 106, by sending 10,000 victims into the [illegible].

The [illegible] of the Colosseum was strewn with sand which readily absorbed the blood of the victims. Some emperors scattered rose petals and even gold dust instead of sand to make the spectacle more attractive.

In summer, perfumed water shot out of numerous fountains to cool the sultry air, and sailors stretched gigantic awnings to keep the scorching sun from spectators.

An elaborate system of passages wound its way underneath the structure. The wild beasts were prodded through them to an ingenious elevator that raised them through a trapdoor into the arena.

Bison, bulls, wild boars, wolves, lions, tigers, rhinoceroses, elephants and mad dogs were used in these battles between men and beasts.

The Christians were condemned "to the lions" on trumped-up political charges, much like the Nazis today fabricate lies to exterminate those who don't hail their "New Order."

No one described these horrible scenes better than did that noted Polish writer, Henryk Slenkiewicz, in his famous book, "Quo Vadis?"

"The iron gratings creaked," wrote Slenkiewicz. "In one moment the arena was peopled with crowds. All ran quickly, somewhat feverishly, and, reaching the middle of the circle, they knelt with raised hands.

"Meanwhile, into the arena rushed, with mad speed and barking, a whole pack of dogs—gigantic, yellow Molossians from the Peloponnesus, pied dogs from the Pyrenees, and wolf-like hounds from Hibernia, purposely famished.

"The audience ceased to howl, so as to look with greater attention. In the arena were the bodies of dogs and people."

Then the author told how the sight intoxicated the mob. He described how the spectators yelled for the lions. They were soon let in with a fresh band of Christian victims.

"Caesar himself," Slenkiewicz continued, "turned his wearied face toward them and placed the emerald to his eye to see better.

"But the lions, though hungry, did not hasten to their victims. But later the odor of blood and torn bodies began to act on them.

"One fell suddenly on the body of a woman and, lying with his forepaws on the body, licked her with his rough tongue; another approached a [illegible] who was holding in his arms a child.

"The child clung convulsively to the neck of its father; he, to prolong his life even for a moment, tried to pull it from his neck so as to hand it to those kneeling further on. But the movement irritated the lion. All at once he gave out a short broken roar, killed the child with one blow of his paw, and seizing the head of the father in his jaws, crushed it.

"At sight of this all the other lions fell upon the crowd of Christians."

These disgusting spectacles were repeated day after day, year after year, but Christianity survived.

This monument of Roman shame remained intact until the sixth century when Theodoric, the king of the Goths, carted away much of the marble and stone from the Colosseum to construct other buildings.

Bare and in ruins though it is today, the Colosseum perpetuates its infamous history with the reported crime of the modern barbarians whose greed for blood and murder has surpassed even that of the ancient Romans.

Why Hedy Lamarr wears Woodbury Brunette

- ✓ gives a warm, exotic glow
- ✓ adds fresh clearness
- ✓ lends luscious smoothness

Girls! Make *him* stop, look and love! Wear *your* Woodbury shade. Hollywood directors helped Woodbury create THE perfect shade for EACH skin type. The wonderful new Color Control process blends Woodbury Powder color-even, texture-clinging . . . to give that flawless, lovely look *hours longer*. Choose from the 8 enchanting shades.

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP! . . . Now with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your glamorizing, matching shades of lipstick and rouge—generous sizes—at no extra cost! All 3 for only $1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢

Hedy Lamarr

starring in
"THE HEAVENLY BODY"
a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

FOLLOW THE STARS . . . FOR NEW LOVELINESS, LOVE!

Lana Turner

starring in
"MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR"
a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production

this One Complete Cream is all you need!

So busy—yet always so lovely! . . . *She's* found that Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream does *everything* for skin loveliness . . . takes just 3 minutes.

This one cream will make your skin lovelier, lovable, for it gives complete care: *Cleanses. Perfect for day and bedtime clean-ups. Freshens. Softens. Smooths. Holds powder. Acts as a night cream against tiny dry-skin lines.*

Four special softening, smoothing ingredients make it so effective. Another exclusive ingredient, *Stericin*, is always working right in the jar to purify the cream, for dust may bring blemish-causing germs. Get a jar now. 10¢ to $1.25.

TAKE THE FAMOUS 3-minute Beauty Night Cap of the Stars: Cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. Pat on more cream—leave a light film on all night to work more beautifying magic.

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

FORMERLY CALLED COLD CREAM. CLEANSES AS THOROUGHLY AS FINEST COLD CREAM—DOES SO MUCH MORE BESIDES!

Bargains in Castles With Haunts Thrown In

It's Not the First Cost But the Upkeep That Puts These Historic Old-World Mansions on the Market for As Little As $200—Complete With Tall Tales, Back Taxes, Traditions, and Headaches

Underwood & Stretton Photo

Mussolini's Villa Torlonia, the Perfect Love Nest, Should Soon Be For Sale—Cheap.

HAVE you ever had the itch to own a castle? Your chance is almost here, for after the war the market will be glutted with them. In fact, there is a pretty good choice on hand right now to suit every taste.

Throughout Europe, high war taxes have bitten into the income of the rich until they no longer can maintain these drafty monuments to an outmoded past.

In Germany and the occupied countries, there have been wholesale confiscations of famous castles, including some of those formerly occupied by the German royal family. In some instances, the owners, too, have been ruthlessly liquidated.

Whatever governments may be set up after the Axis is defeated, these historic edifices will be thrown on the market for what they can bring, making it a field holiday for would be palace owners.

In England, because of taxes and food and help shortages, the depression market in castles is already ominously under way.

For example, the Countess of Seafield recently sold Urquhart Castle on Loch Ness, Scotland. Now it is back on the market again and any American with a couple of hundred dollars could buy it. The trouble is it would cost a fortune to rebuild it and make it habitable.

The castle has an especially congenial ghost, however. He was quite a gay old boy in his time Sir Thomas Urquhart, who translated the books of Rabelais from the French.

According to the natives around Glen Urquhart, the spirit of old Sir Thomas still inhabits the underground dungeons of his castle and the story they tell is that his ghostly Rabelaisian laughter can be heard rumbling and chortling all along the length of Loch Ness.

Oddly enough, they claim he laughs only at a risque joke, and parties used to be got up to visit the ruined castle to see if they could make Sir Thomas laugh.

The chances are that European taxation will remain high, even after American war taxes are reduced. With a favorable rate of exchange there will be plenty of castle bargains on the market.

Take Witley Court, in Worcestershire, England. It is larger than the National Capitol in Washington and cost a mere $12,500,000 to build.

This granddaddy of "white elephants" was even too expensive for the wealthy Earls of Dudley to keep up and it was sold some years ago to a member of the British royal family. But even with that wealth to keep the place going, it is on the market again.

Now you may buy it—if you can spare $100,000. The rooms on the ground floor have marble walls, each of a different color, with furnishings to match. There is a ballroom, a greenhouse filled with tropical blooms and more than 60 bedrooms. Perhaps there is even a bath or two.

One of the Dudleys, who must have been a little touched, built the village parish church onto one wing of the palace. Later on, this turned out to be a very silly thing to do. It was convenient for church-going, to be sure, but rough on digestion, for the villagers naturally insisted upon being buried in the churchyard.

The owners were forced to consent and soon the land on that side of the house was filled with graves and tombstones. If you look up from the dinner table or out of any window on two sides of the house, all you can see is "God's Little Acre" which now covers about two acres and a half.

You may alter the view by stepping out on the other side of the palace. There your eyes will be greeted and refreshed by gardens unsurpassed in England. Snuggling amidst centuries-old trees are more than 100 antique marble statues. There are fountains with ornamental waterworks, a lake or two, and streams crossed by delicately carved footbridges.

If you're not a one for outdoor life, there is a pipe organ in the ballroom which cost more originally than the present price for the entire estate.

The estate will also undertake to staff the house with servants—and you'll need all you can get. There isn't any central heating, so it is usual to employ four men who do nothing but light fires in the rooms and keep them roaring.

Back in the Middle Ages such great and noble lords could hold on to their property by having serfs work their lands for little or no pay and reinvesting the farm incomes in more land. Some lords managed in this way to accumulate hundreds of thousands of acres.

The late Lord Leicester, for instance, owned a 50,000-acre place in Norfolk and actually used only a fifth of it. But just before his death he insisted on buying 10,000 acres more, remarking to his son, "Then we'll have room to breathe."

Not Even the British Royal Family Can Afford to Keep $12,500,000 Witley Court, So It's Yours for $100,000—Together With the Four Men Who Do Nothing But Light Fires and Keep Them Going in the 60 Bedrooms (and 2 Baths).

Tourists Visiting Urquhart Castle Try to Rouse the Roaring Laughter of Old Sir Tom Urquhart's Ghost by Telling Ribald Stories. Scientists Say His Laughter Is Distant Thunder, But You Can Hear It on Clear Days—If Your Joke's Pointed Enough.

Urquhart Castle, 12th Century Ruin on Beautiful Loch Ness, Scotland, Which Can Be Bought for $200.

Right now the heirs could breathe easier if they had a buyer for their snug little hideout.

Typical of what great castles sell for today is Strathpeffer Castle in Scotland, a great, fortified, sombre estate on the West Coast. It sold recently for $100.

No doubt Hall Place, home of the Earls of Limerick, would cost a bit more, but then, it houses the celebrated ghost of the Black Prince, who wanders around looking for the Fair Maid of Kent, who once lived in Hall Place but didn't leave her wraith behind.

Then there is the Duke of Northumberland's 14th century Alnwick Castle. No ghost goes with it, but atop the tower are life-sized soldiers, set up to scare off raiders from over the Scottish border.

Some buyer with a sense of humor might like to put in a bid for the castle owned by the Duchess of Rutland, mother of Lady Diana Duff Cooper. The castle is named Belvoir, and Belvoir is pronounced Beaver.

The ghost that goes with the moated castle of Hever, in Kent, is that of none other than Anne Boleyn, one of Henry the Eighth's tragic wives and mother of Good Queen Bess.

But consider the rare bargains you will be able to bid on when the Axis nations are defeated.

There is Berchtesgaden, Hitler's retreat in the Bavarian Alps, a model of modern chalet construction, in perfect condition if an Allied bomb soon doesn't get it.

Or, how about "Karinhall," Goering's mammoth million-dollar hunting lodge, surrounded by miles of virgin forest?

Along the Rhine are some 50 castles that will quite likely be to let after the war. Drachenfels, for example, scene of Siegfried's slaying of the dragon in German folk lore; Marksburg, dedicated to St. Paul but used as a prison; Rheinfels, headquarters of the Robber Knights; Trefels, prison of Richard the Lion Hearted from which the minstrel Blondin rescued him; Wartburg and Coburg, homes of Martin Luther.

The Rhine Castle of Schonburg would be a suitable little number for a movie producer. The first owner, in the 12th century, had seven beautiful daughters who out-flirted and outlured the Lorelei who held the flirting and luring franchise for that district of the river. To overcome the competition, the Lorelei drowned the Seven Schonburg Sisters and turned them into rocks, which may still be seen at low tide.

Moviesque, too, are the four phony "castles" built by Mad King Ludwig of Bavaria in 1869. One of them has a Hall of Mirrors 245 feet long, lit by 3,000 candles and containing a dining table that ascends and descends for successive courses, with never a servant visible. And then there's the castle of Heidelberg, which houses the famous Heidelberg Tun, built to hold 800 hogsheads of wine—an asset for any wealthy connoisseur of vintages.

So many of the Polish nobility have been killed by the Germans that the ownership of many of the famous Polish estates will doubtless pass to the State, after the war. What will interest possible American buyers is the fact that most of them contain vast and well-stocked hunting preserves.

In the vast confused state of affairs in Italy, it would be difficult to predict the fate of the castles and villas that may emerge unscathed from the war. Some, however, have long belonged to the State, and an impoverished government will probably put them on the market.

The Palazzo Cenci, in Rome, for example, was confiscated 400 years ago—and incidentally, no door nor window in it has ever been opened since—and while the Cenci family makes formal claim to the property every decade, there is little chance that their ownership will ever be restored.

Mussolini's numerous villas may be sold before American buyers can get to Europe, but think of all the chateaux there are in France which have been emptied by the fortunes of war.

One neat little spot, already on the market, is the palatial 80-room Chateau de Chambord, once the home of the late Princess Charlotte Say de Liroglie de Bourbon.

It was this aged Juliet who, as the widowed and rich Duchess de Broglie, married a scamp of a Romeo named Don Luis de Bourbon, forty years her junior and a notorious dope-smuggler. The panty-waist prince managed to get most of his wife's millions and spend them.

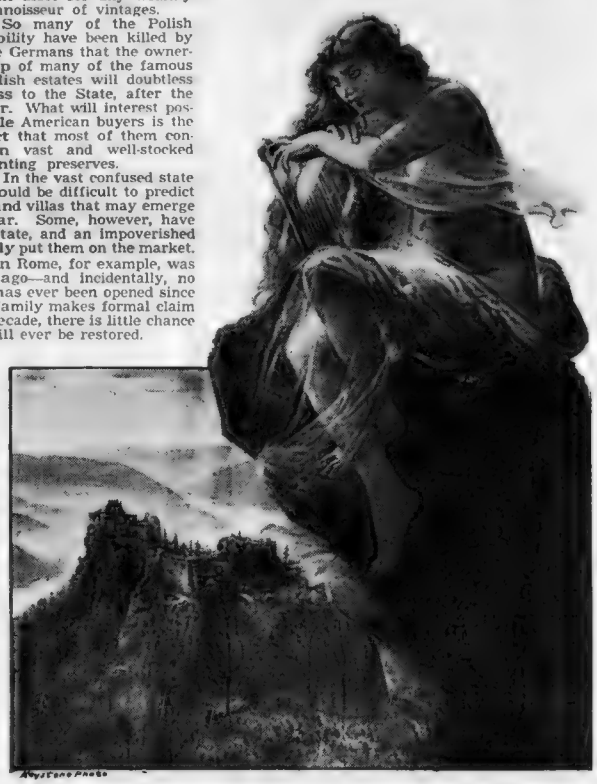
In general, French chateaux are as notable for their treasures of art as they are for their architecture—the Chateau Gros-Bois, for example, home of Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, whose mother was a Rothschild. It and other Rothschild houses have been looted by the Germans.

Then there is the "pink palace" of the Duchess de Talleyrand, nee Anna Gould—called the most splendid modern house in the world. General Stulpnagel, "Butcher of Paris," has made it his headquarters during the Nazi occupation. Its owner has announced she will remain in the United States in the future, as will many another former ex-patriate. So maybe it will be available at a bargain price.

Another estate which is for sale is the Doorn estate of the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany.

When he died not long ago, after enjoying a leisurely exile of twenty years, he willed his home to his widow, Princess Hermine. But she wants to return to Germany to visit her children by her first marriage, so she will sell her home for very little.

But generally speaking, in most parts of the Old World the prospects were never better for that dream of "a castle in Spain"—provided, of course, taxes don't wipe out all our surplus cash, too, before the war's end.



After the War Probably Plenty of the Historic Old Rhine Castles Will Be For Sale Complete With Legends of Lorelei—the Early Nazi Sweater Girls Who Lured Sailors to Wreck Their Ships on the River's Rocks.

For good nutrition . . .
BREAD and PARKAY!

Parkay—pure, natural white when you buy it—may be made a rich appetizing yellow for table use simply by adding the vegetable coloring you get with each package

Grow all you can!
Can all you can!
Help all you can!

Keep up your Victory Garden—cultivate it carefully, bring it to full harvest and pick your crop. Don't waste anything you grow, because today in this third year of America at war, food is one of our mightiest weapons.

Preserve fresh and perishable foods by canning, brining, drying and storing. It's not too early to get your friends interested in plans for a Community Canning Center. Register now for the U. S. Crop Corps, so that you can help later in aiding others to bring in the harvest.

Some like it hot (right out of the toaster). Some like it cold (sliced fresh from the loaf). But millions like bread spread *with* delicious, nourishing Parkay—the wholesome, quality margarine made by Kraft.

Bread and Parkay team up naturally as one of the most hunger-satisfying combinations you can include in your daily diet. Parkay is a top-notch energy food. Bread is a good energy food, too. Parkay is fortified with important Vitamin A. Enriched bread contains the B vitamins (Riboflavin, Niacin and Thiamin). Together they're a bond of good nutrition that, daily, helps keep millions of Americans strong and alert for the energy-consuming tasks ahead.

An American Farm Product!

Parkay is made by Kraft from scientifically refined, top-quality vegetable oils and other wholesome ingredients produced on American farms. These oils are blended with fresh, pasteurized skim milk, carefully cultured to assure a fine, delicate flavor. And, as a final check of quality, it is tested by flavor experts . . . by men whose skill in scoring flavor have made Kraft food products famous throughout the world

Judge for yourself. Try this smooth-spreading, fine-flavored quality margarine *made* by Kraft on rolls, biscuits, pancakes and waffles . . . or use it as a seasoning for baked or mashed potatoes, or those vegetables from your Victory Garden. They'll all taste better—with Parkay!

Important Vitamin A—Every Day!

And *remember*—to all these wholesome foods, Parkay adds extra nourishment . . . since every pound contains at least 9,000 units of Vitamin *A!*

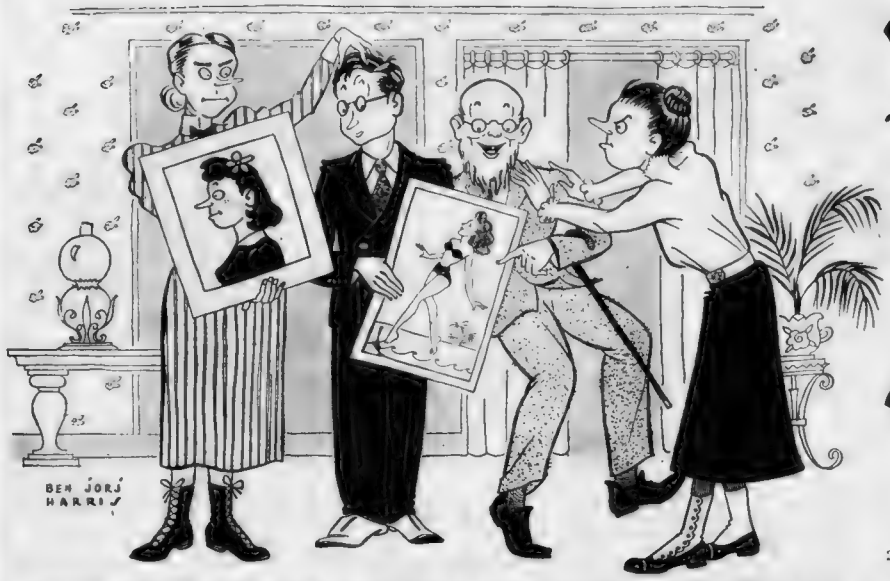
And Parkay Margarine is one of the finest energy foods you can bring to your table. Serve it often!

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY

Parkay Margarine bears the seal of acceptance of the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

PARKAY—a real [illegible] for America's bread

Don't Stay IN THAT Rut



Following Your Family's Wishes Instead of Your Heart in Choosing a Matrimonial Partner May Keep Peace at Home But It Also Rings a Warning Bell of Danger Ahead.

By JUDITH CHASE
Well-Known Quiz Expert

A RUT is something that's easy to get into but tough to wiggle out of, like a strait jacket. You realize that you're in one only when you find out that the world's out of step while you're headed in the opposite direction, a sure symptom that you have a one-track mind on a downgrade curve.

Read the following questions and see if they don't ring a warning bell. Answer yes or no to each. Add up your yes answers and look at the lower right corner of this page for the blunt truth about yourself.

1—Do you sit around all day analyzing your symptoms, aches and supposed pains, devouring books on "How Sick Can You Be and Still Live?"

2—Does your family influence your business decisions and decide whom you will marry—or else?

3—Do you neglect your appearance because "it's really the inner self that matters?"

4—Do you vote the same political ticket year after year because you always did and so did pappy?

5—Do you pick your friends from folks who are easy to lead and have the same opinions as your own?

6—Do you still buy from the same grocer who tries to palm off walk-away eggs, sprinting sprouts and blossoming beans?

7—When someone admires your new hair-do, do you reply defensively: "There's life in the old girl yet?" or "Isn't style absurd?"

8—Do you find you're more and more surrounded by bottles and pills and less and less by blondes, brunettes and redheads?

9—Do you impose an early curfew on yourself and pass up a late movie or a good party?

10—Do you turn down invitations to visit others because "it's such a nuisance to get there?"

11—Do you insist that your office follow the same routine originated in 1898?

12—Are you reluctant to meet new people because you know too many people anyway and they're liable to touch you for a loan?

13—Do you always order well-known dishes in a restaurant, not daring to experiment with "chef's specials" or foreign-sounding vittles?

14—Do you insist on eating your meals at the same time every day?

15—Do you regard the clothes you wear as only something to keep you warm—and look it?

16—Do you lecture your family on just what you would do if you were Gen. MacArthur or Gen. Eisenhower?

17—Do you talk patronizingly to young service men, beginning: "Now in the last war . . .?"

18—Have you reached that stage where you find everything you want to do is illegal, immoral or fattening?

19—When someone suggests that you take some exercise, do you say you'll let your flesh creep and let it go at that?

20—Do you claim you're 15 years younger than you are—even when guests were overcome by the heat of the candles at your last birthday party?

21—When someone suggests you take something for that bad cold you're giving to everyone around you, do you retort that you let your colds run their course?

22—Do you refuse to use the new time-saving devices because "the old ways are good enough for me and these new-fangled machines make errors?"

23—Do you adopt a spectator role at parties and get-togethers, letting others bear the burden of entertainment?

24—Is your style sense "frozen" to the point where you will always wear a certain color or cut of clothes because it looked fine on you ten or twelve years ago?

25—Do you believe that other people are bad drivers even when your own car has been bumped and dented by everything including speeding stone walls and trees?

26—Do you begin your reading of your morning newspaper by turning to the obituary column?

27—Do you reprimand youngsters for turning on boogie woogie or jive by discussing the merits of "Hearts and Flowers"?

28—Do you go into a huff when your favorite chair or carpet slippers aren't in their place?

29—Do you snort when you see a Wac, Wave, Spar or gal Marine and mutter that woman's place is in the home?

30—Do you always use the same route going to and from work and walk on the same side of the street?

31—Do you ignore the opinions and ideas of the youngsters because "they aren't dry behind the ears yet?"

32—Do you refuse to get up and dance when invited because you think you'll make a fool of yourself in front of the younger set?

33—Do you think that all actors, writers and musicians belong to "the fast crowd," and refuse to meet them socially?

34—Do you bemoan the fact that your old haunts—vintage 1910—are disappearing and "there isn't a place to go any more?"

35—Do you reach for galoshes, umbrella, mufflers and raincoat every time you see a cloud in the sky?

36—Do you preface most of your remarks with "Well, as father used to say?"

37—Do you invariably doze off after an evening meal and then angrily deny it when someone wakes you up?

Do You Snort at Girls in Uniform and Insist That Woman's Place Is in the Home?

Is Swing Barred From Your Radio Because You Believe the Sentimental Strains of the Pre-Jazz Era Will Improve the Kid's Taste?

HERE'S HOW YOU RATE
If Your Score Is Between:
0 to 5—Up and coming. In fact, good.
5 to 15—In the groove (but could be in a rut)
15 to 25—Definitely dangerous. See a psychologist.
25 to 37—Reader, you're not in a rut. You're in an abyss!

Out of This World — in Reno

By INEZ ROBB

CHAPTER II

RENO, Nev

YOU only have to be in Reno for a spell to believe that the cwaziest people is monkeys. And—it shouldn't happen to 'em!

Preconceived ideas on Reno and its divorce causes are bound to prove excess and useless baggage if carried to this mountain citadel where every prospect pleases and only the paying customers are looney.

I arrived here convinced that Reno was Heartbreak House. In my innocence, I thought the town would be awash with tragedy and grief. I was prepared to do an up-to-date rewrite job on "An American Tragedy" with a new twist. My pockets were full of crying towels.

Years of legend and fiction, festooned on Reno, led me to expect innumerable dowdy, middle-aged women, pitiful and alone. These, in my mind's eye, were the hapless victims and loving helpmeets of husbands, who, panting after some younger and tastier dish, had dispatched Old Faithful to Reno for a divorce.

The husbands, of course, would be too busy earning money for the younger women to come and attend to the divorce in person. They should spend six weeks away even from monkey business!

It took the frank and distilled wisdom of Reno's plethora of experienced divorce lawyers to prove to me how wrong, how romantically wrong, I was. These sardonic, worldly-wise men, from the most ethical and elegant to the veriest shyster, agreed as in chorus that (1) sex is at the root of almost all divorces, and (2) that at least 75 per cent of their women clients plan to remarry before the ink is dry on their decrees.

On the Stand "Mama" Had Mild-Mannered "Papa" Looking Like a Wolf; But All the Time She Had a Willin' Barkis "Staked Out" in an Alley. And She Married Him at Once.

Charges of cruelty, non-support, drunkenness and infidelity in nine cases out of ten really are only blinds for sex incompatibility.

Incidentally, no fewer than 401 divorces were granted here last February. This was a record for the shortest month of the year since the state's six weeks residence law became effective about 14 years ago.

If 75 per cent of their women clients plan to remarry at once and already have a Willin' Barkis staked out in the alley, then at least 98 per cent of their male clients marry immediately, the lawyers unanimously agree. And when lawyers agree, it's a miracle even here in Reno.

This mention of men and divorce leads to the smashing of another Reno legend. In all truth the community cannot justly be called "Girls-Town." One divorce out of every four is granted to a male plaintiff, and the percentage is growing steadily, according to Elwood L. Beemer, clerk of the Washoe County Court since 1917, has seen the percentage of men grow from nothing to its present high of from 25 to 30 per cent of all divorce plaintiffs.

The universal contempt with which all Reno attorneys view their male clients is another amazing Reno facet.

"They're all damned old fools with ants in their pants," snorted an outspoken lawyer. "A woman may be dangerous at any age, but a man's dangerous age hits him between 40 and 50. And then God help him, because the old fool certainly won't help himself—except to a blonde half his years who'll stick with him while the money lasts. Or until she can get a nice, juicy settlement for herself and her younger boy friend."

(The names of none of the numerous Reno attorneys with whom I talked for weeks can be mentioned here. The Bar Association, to protect the rich divorce business, has stringent rules literally disbarring any lawyer who talks for publication on any subject save the weather and overtime parking as a community evil.)

The Late Delphine Dodge, Motor Heiress and One of Reno's Big Parade of Divorcees Who Married Local Lights, After Her Decree Was Issued.

This Is It—the Reno Divorce Mill, Geared for New High Speeds, Where 401 Marriages Were Dissolved Last February, an All-Time Record for That Popular Month.

As a proof of their contention that sex is at the base of most divorce actions, Reno attorneys love to tell the story of the late District Judge W. H. A. Pike, who granted thousands of divorces in his day. The judge employed a colored cook named Sarah who had worked for him for years. Sarah was married to a colored gardener named Jim, and for a long time the marriage had seemed blissfully happy. So the judge was astounded one day when Sarah asked him to get a divorce for her.

"But, Sarah, I thought you and Jim were happy!" expostulated the judge.

"Yas'm, we mostly was," she readily agreed.

"Does Jim beat you?"

"Lawsy, jedge, I'd like to see that man raise his hand to me just once!"

"Then maybe he doesn't give you any money?" the judge then inquired.

"Now, Jim [illegible] chuck here every Saturday night," Sarah said [illegible].

"Is Jim [illegible] with other women?" Judge Pike suggested.

"Jedge, he do that and I'll throw the cat's meat left of that man!"

"Well, then why in heaven's name do you want a divorce? It sounds to me like he's been a good husband to you!"

"Jedge, I'll say he is," Sarah declared after hesitating a bit, "but I jes' done lost mah taste fo' him!"

There, in a cryptic capsule—"Ah, jes' done lost mah taste fo' him (or her)"—is the cause of 95 per cent of the divorces granted in Reno, according

Fantastic Story of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Alimony in the Dizzy Divorce Capital Where Law and License Never Clash

It's an Old Reno Custom—a Divorcee's Joyous Salute to the Washoe County Courthouse in Gratitude for Her New Freedom.

to the testimony of the five top-flight attorneys who have told me this story at various times since I came to Reno.

The numbers of men and women equipped with a "spare" who come here to spend the legal six weeks are large indeed, if not actually in the majority. A "spare" is the euphemistic name given the man or woman with whom the plaintiff is living at the moment and whom he or she intends to marry when the decree is granted.

This explains the reason there are no house detectives in Reno. And don't think I'm fooling! A conscientious house dick in a Reno hotel would either cause a revolution or break the institution with his overtime.

And I don't mean just the auto courts and the cheap boarding houses. I especially mean some of the best Reno hotels catering to the swank divorcee trade from both coasts. What you do in Reno *is* your business as long as it's not in public.

Although even that scarcely holds true. The most embarrassing episode I have ever seen any place was in a swanky cocktail lounge, just off the lobby of a fashionable hotel. I am no school girl, but the behavior of the couple was so flagrant that at the end of five minutes I fled. The fact that I fled is not significant, but the fact that neither the management nor the other customers found anything unusual in the erotic scene this couple put on, is—for it was a scene that would have caused any New York dive to toss the couple out bodily or call the police in a hurry.

Considering the reaction of the natives, I sneaked back to my suite feeling like a combination of Mrs. Grundy and the late Queen Victoria!

BUT despite all this, there is tragedy in Reno, certainly there is heartbreak. Bitter, scalding heartbreak, and tears shed by women and men, too, whose marriages have gone to pieces through no fault of their own. They are in Reno to dissolve a bad marital bargain and an intolerably cruel situation as well.

It would be callous to deny that there are women here whose busy, successful husbands have tired of them and brow-beaten them to Reno while they chase a Size Twelve Rainbow in black-market nylons and false eyelashes.

But the percentage of such plaintiffs is surprisingly small when all the returns are in. Contrary to all the legends, the vast majority of men and women are here to divorce one spouse and marry another as quickly as possible.

When the former Barbara Hutton, now Mrs Cary Grant, dissolved her first marriage here to the late Prince Alexis Mdivani, she was at once married to her second husband, Count Haugwitz-Reventlow.

The former Fifi Widener shed Milton Holden one moment and the next married her present husband, Alex Wichfeld. When the late Delphine Dodge, the motor car heiress, divorced James H. R. Cromwell (whose second wife, the former Doris Duke, divorced him, also in Reno, last December), she immediately married the late Ray Baker, who once was warden of the Nevada State penitentiary and later Comptroller of the United States Treasury.

WELL, what the nation's social and financial leaders do, Ruthie Roe and Dottie Doe can do, too. And they do it. The thousands of unknown, middle-class and lower case women who come here for divorces almost always plan to remarry at once or are about to close an early matrimonial deal with some likely prospect.

"A woman doesn't want to give up what she's got in the way of a meal-ticket until she's certain she's got something else at least as good and usually better," Reno's sardonic lawyers agree.

Women have left not one shred of illusion about themselves in the minds of attorneys whose offices they turn into a confessional. By the time a woman reaches Reno and her lawyer's office, he cannot stem the confessional flood of talk that she turns loose on him.

Wittingly or unwittingly, she tells all. If their male clients fill them with contempt, their women clients fill Reno's legal lights with general despair and distrust of the whole female sex.

Many of this wise corps are convinced that a husband—not the ants-in-pants client—will put up with far more to save a home from breaking up than will a woman. Any number of them also agree that a man is far more concerned over the welfare of whatever children there may be than is the divorcing wife.

This may be sex loyalty on the lawyers' part, but case records put up a strong argument in their favor.

When a woman decides upon a divorce, it is almost invariably because she hopes to better herself, most lawyers agree. She wants to better herself financially or emotionally. Divorce, with the majority of women, is simply a matter of advancement or gain in one or both of these situations. She is hard-boiled and realistic about the matter, and very few tears enter into the business of changing mates.

This is pretty disillusioning stuff to discover and not very pretty to set down on paper. But it is the distilled essence of the wisdom of the one group of men who are experts and who know.

I'VE HAD a little experience myself. There was a more than middle-aged dumpy little woman in my hotel. She aroused the sympathy and pity of everyone in the place. All of her children were grown and her youngest daughter was married, she told us, so she had at last come to Reno to divorce what she declared had become an intolerably cruel husband.

One day he was kindness itself, she explained, and the next day he tossed her downstairs. Naturally, she objected to the days on which he did the tossing. She was sweet, gentle and oldish, and we all wept over her. Finally, her aging husband arrived. To our surprise, he looked to be very mild and self-effacing.

"But then, you never can tell," we all agreed. He begged her to return to him, but she was adamant in her refusal, and we all backed her up in her tearful determination. When he finally left, to return East, he told the hotel management that "mama" was to want for nothing. He would guarantee any and all bills. This seemed to be very sweet of him, but then we remembered those alternate days on which she said he threw her down the stairs of their home.

It was not until three days before her decree was granted that we learned that "mama"—yes, that dumpy little mama—was supporting a "spare" in a rooming house just a little way down the street. She married her young gigolo ten minutes after her divorce decree was granted by the court.

In Reno, they're never, never too young or too old!

Next week Miss Robb will tell how one woman divorced two men in two days, and married a third the following day, all within the State of Nevada.

Are You Telepathic? Then Beware!

Even If You Ever Get Around to Broadcasting Thoughts, Your Own Mind Is Likely to Tattle on You

By DONALD A. LAIRD, PH.D., Sc.D.
Internationally Known Psychologist and Lecturer

It's Probably Their Experience With Children, the Most Bald-Faced of Liars, That Enables Women to "Read" Their Husbands' Minds.

"DARLING, were you really working late at the office last Friday night?"

Many a husband, on being thus queried by a normally trusting wife, has been surprised into confession that he really wasn't working at the office. Instead, he was doing something of which he knew his better half would disapprove.

But how did wifey know?

In the answer to that question lies a curious and interesting mental quirk that may well give pause to students of the psychological phenomenon that, somewhat unscientifically, is called "telepathy."

Particularly is this true if you regard yourself as "telepathic."

For, according to all we know about the human mind, it has a sad tendency, under some conditions, to tell exactly what we would prefer to conceal.

This little vagary of the intellect has particular pertinence just now because of the current widespread interest in so-called telephatic phenonomena.

Actually, the existence of telepathy is far from proven. Much of it is [illegible]

Again, seeming instances of telepathy may be the result of subconscious mental reactions that are well understood by the psychologist, but are unknown to the layman.

An example of this is when you have a premonition that you will get a letter from a friend, and, sure enough, soon afterward the letter arrives.

Actually, you may have had the same premonition before, without it registering in your mind. But when the letter arrives, the "premonition" is confirmed.

Yet, there are enough instances of seeming thought transference to afford some ground perhaps for the speculation that it actually exists.

But, if it does, beware. For the thought you "project" is likely to be the very opposite of the one you really intend.

Mrs. Knox Appeared to Be Doing a Good Deed in Smashing Up La Mars, Ia., Soft Drink Parlors.

There was the case of Mrs. Maybelle Trow Knox whose zeal in smashing soft drink parlors in Iowa brought on suspicion of her motives. It was found she was using that public exhibition to cover the fact that she was cashing her dead mother's pension checks. Thus her very acts, intended to cover up, actually led to her downfall—and 18 months in prison.

Mrs. Maybelle Trow Knox Whose Mind Tipped Off Her Guilty Hand.

An old mind-reading stunt that has mystified people for a century is finding hidden objects. A ten-dollar bill is hidden, and the magician blindfolded. He takes the arm of the man who has hidden the money.

If he starts in the right direction, the guide unwittingly moves slightly in the opposite. This is the clue to the magician that he is on the right trail. When he gets near the hidden board, the guide tries to push past it, and that is the magician's signal that he is close to the treasure.

It is quite possible that a "telepathist," the famous Polgar, probably employs this method for one of his most spectacular performances, the finding of the check with which he is to be paid.

Someone gets the task of hiding the check before Polgar appears. But Polgar—holding one end of a cord which is held at the other end by the check-hider—never fails to find what he is seeking.

Salesmen who are not convinced of the genuine merits of their goods usually make poor salesmen, because they give away their feelings.

Harvey Firestone, for example, was one of the world's best salesmen. But in one job he failed miserably. He was selling patent medicines and flavoring extracts to small merchants in the Middle West. He sold the flavorings like wildfire, but couldn't sell his medicines.

Firestone, himself, said he later found why he failed: He knew the flavorings were the best, but he thought the medicines were no good, and talk as hard as he tried about them he could not make it sound convincing to merchants. They read his mind because he unwittingly told what he didn't mean to tell.

"Crime will out" because the criminals try so hard to conceal their deeds that they, too, unwittingly give themselves away.

Every veteran detective can tell you of instances when he has solved some crime by "guessing" some fact that the criminal tried to conceal.

Actually, in such cases, it is the criminal who tattles on himself—perhaps by a gesture, perhaps by a word, perhaps by telepathetically "projecting" into the detective's mind the thing he wanted to hide.

Errant husbands often wonder how the wife manages to read their minds.

The husband comes home from a night out with the boys with a carefully prepared story about how hard he had to work late in the office. Perhaps he gives so many imaginary details of the night work he claims to have been doing that his wife "just knows" he has made it all up.

Thus, husbands begin to be afraid of "women's intuition," to believe women can read their minds. Actually they are giving themselves away.

Our tattletale minds show up most amusingly in poker playing. Serious experiments have been made of this game by psychologists at Columbia University.

It was discovered that some players quickly get on to the one who tries to bluff and all the others gang up to make the bluffer pay.

And the player who has an excellent hand often gives himself away by pretending he has a poor one.

The chief executive of one large firm will not make a key man's position permanent until after the boss has played poker with him. He claims that in a poker game he can find out if the new man gives himself away.

In fact, a sure way to betray yourself is to pretend something.

On the other hand, if you seem able to figure what others are thinking, or what their real intentions are, you probably are seeing through pretense, or if you like, call it telepathy.

Such a gift will increase your value as an executive. But—it may make you very unhappy to know just how people do feel about you.

Hubby's Carefully Prepared Story of Why He Was Out Late Is Upset By His Wife's "Intuition."

The Minuteman *is Still the Man of the Hour*

The Minuteman was a most resourceful civilian who worked hard for his family and home and was quick to fight when their security was threatened.

He did the very things we are asked to do today. He made things last. He wore things out and did without. He was one of the first to stretch food and fuel.

Farmers, fishermen, sailmakers, smiths or cobblers—all were Minutemen—all were dreamers who loved their America—all were doers who fought and saved and sacrificed. They showed us the way to win.

Americans, since the days of the Minuteman, have welcomed their opportunity to earn security for themselves and their families in a better world.

Today, when wartime trials provoke us, America is recapturing the spirit of '76—America's fighting spirit, so perfectly symbolized by the Minuteman—the spirit that will hasten Victory by hours, by days, perhaps even months.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider and bomber fuselage frames, wing parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum Munitions • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and Textiles—to name a few.

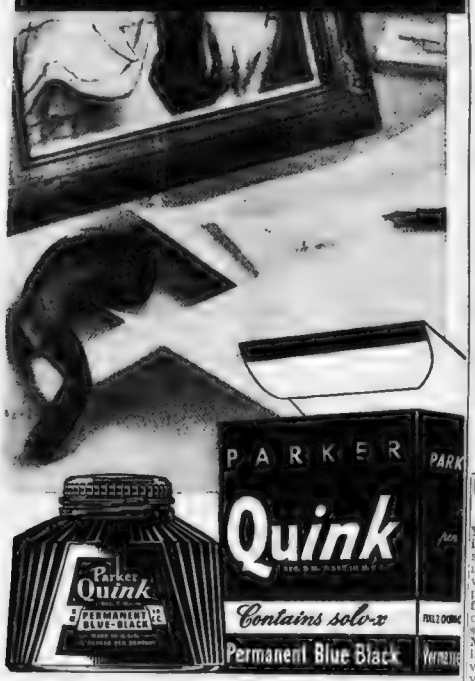
Americans have always been neighborly. It is quite natural then for Budweiser to be America's favorite beer—for, when good friends get together, Budweiser is a friend that needs no introduction.

Budweiser

©1944

A N H E U S E R • B U S C H • • • S A I N T L O U I S

This ink proves pen failures can be avoided!



Solv-x in Parker Quink prevents metal corrosion, rubber deterioration... cleans and protects your pen as it writes!

More than an ink... this is Parker Quink. Quink, cleanest of all writing fluids, contains *solv-x*—a special ingredient that protects all makes of pens in 4 ways:

1. *Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.*
2. *Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.*
3. *Dissolves and flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.*
4. *Cleans your pen as it writes—keeps it out of the repair shop.*

Brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast drying... Quink with solv-x costs no more than ordinary high-grade inks. So don't take chances with that pen of yours. Give it the protection it deserves. Keep it out of the repair shop by filling it with Parker Quink, today! Ideal for steel pens, too. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

"MICRO-FILM BLACK", the all-purpose black ink. *Writes black, stays black. Ideal for V-Mail; photographs perfectly. Quink comes in 7 permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. Family size 25¢. Other sizes 15¢ and up.*

Copr. 1944 by The Parker Pen Company

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!

PARKER Quink

the only ink containing solv-x

A Devil of a Dream

The Sleeper Got Out of Bed and Backed Away From Satan—Until He Crashed Through a Window and Suddenly Woke Up Hanging by His Knees.

HUMPHREY TRAVIS, 24, of Evanston, Ill., was never one to believe in the devil—but he's not so sure now since his recent experience of being kicked out of bed by Satan, himself.

Humphrey, as he tells the story, was having a pleasant dream when who should come barging into it but a red-horned guy, complete with forked tail and everything.

Being on the prudent side, and knowing that no smart man tangles with the devil, the Evanston man crawled out of bed, and began slowly backing his way across the room.

Apparently in a devilish mood Satan, leering and swishing his tail across the floor, kept following him—matching him step for step. Every move Humphrey made the Evil One imitated it perfectly.

After this nocturnal comedy had gone on for a few minutes, the dreaming Humphrey decided that the time had come for a complete get-away. A trick to outfox the man in red, he reasoned, was to make one big sudden backward leap and then duck. Nimbly he jumped.

Then Humphrey woke up to find himself hanging head first from his bedroom window. He had crashed through the pane and was dangling outside the window sash by his knees. His startled cries brought his sister, Mrs. Pauline Shelton, to his rescue.

To hospital physicians who dressed his numerous cuts, Humphrey commented:

"It sure was one hell of a dream."

And everyone agreed.

BETTER THAN SCRATCHING

Your scratching fingers often add irritation to the itch of minor skin rashes, insect bites or chafing. Get soothing, cooling relief with Mexsana, the medicated powder. It contains ingredients frequently recommended by specialists for these miseries. Thousands of mothers have also used Mexsana for over 40 years to relieve, soothe, and even help prevent baby's diaper rash. It costs very little and you save most in larger sizes. Buy a supply today for the family. Demand Mexsana

REMOVES "LOTS OF SPOTS"

Ever so many spots on ever so many fabrics are removed quickly by Mufti. And if it doesn't remove the spot, your dealer refunds the purchase price. A favorite cleaning fluid for smart housewives for over 25 years. Be sure to get

MUFTI

THE MULTI-USE SPOT REMOVER

TRY St. Joseph ASPIRIN
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10¢

BABIES THRIVE ON SCOTT'S!

...BECAUSE IT'S RICH IN VITAL ELEMENTS*

Good tasting Scott's Emulsion helps build strong bones, sound teeth, and stamina, helps build resistance to colds. It is rich in *natural* A & D Vitamins* that may be lacking in the diet. And—it's *4 times easier to digest than plain cod liver oil!* So give it daily. Buy at all druggists today!

Recommended by Many Doctors

Try SCOTT'S EMULSION
Great Year-Round Tonic

Scotland Losing Its "Macs"

THINK of Scotsmen and such names as Angus MacDougal or Sandy MacTavish usually run through your mind but, oddly enough, there are more "Smiths" in Scotland than anything else.

The "Macs" are being ousted by the Smiths, according to a recent report from J. G. Kyd, the Registrar-General for Scotland.

Kyd, in a report from Edinburgh, said that Smith is now the most common name, followed by MacDonald, Brown, Wilson, Thomson, Robertson, Campbell, and Stewart. Other names with "Mac" prefixes are at the bottom of the list.

And such once-popular names as Angus and Sandy now rarely appear on the birth registrar list. The most popular Christian name, at present, is John. The favorite name for girls is not Bonnie—as one might suspect—but Margaret.

The ascendancy of the Smiths in Scotland just about completes the world-wide invasion of that simply-named clan. In Britain and the United States, the Smiths far outnumber any other name.

SMOKERS SHOULD USE

IODENT

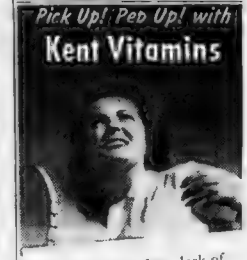
TO ERASE Smoke Smudges

Choose PASTE or POWDER

Iodent No. 1 for teeth easy to brighten and No. 2 for teeth *hard* to brighten are made by a Dentist. Choose the texture to suit *your* teeth and watch those smudges vanish.

Pick Up! Pep Up! with

Kent Vitamins



If tired, listless from lack of vitamins, let KENT VITAMINS help you regain your sparkle and pep. Pleasant to take. *Cost only 1¢ a day!* If grocer can't supply, mail 50¢ to Cupples Co., St. Louis 2, Mo. for bottle of 50 capsules.

Over 7-Weeks Supply only 50¢

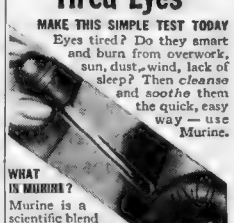
AT YOUR GROCER'S

Kent VITAMINS A-B-D

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way—use Murine.

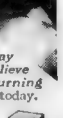


WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · REFRESHES



The American Weekly Is Tops

Lessons in Love from Betty Co-ed

The Parents of Many a Supposedly Scatter-Brained Co-ed Did Not Use Nearly as Much Common Sense as Their Daughters When They Were Young and Romantic.

A LOT of people have the notion that the average girl goes to college to work on a MRS. degree. But that, according to a recent survey among co-eds, is just so much bunk. Most girls, it was discovered, go there to pursue learning—not to learn pursuing.

At Montana State University, where the survey was conducted, the girls revealed that despite the wartime trend to the contrary they are in no rush to acquire husbands. Furthermore, they are opposed to short engagements.

The business about "love at first sight," according to the Montana co-eds, is just so much hokum. Eighty-two per cent of the girls, in answering a questionnaire on the subject, said that they didn't believe in it. A romantic 18 per cent did.

Marriage, in the eyes of the smart co-eds, is a lottery in which you can't tear up your ticket if you lose. To avoid too much of a gamble, the majority preferred knowing their boy friends quite a while before they took the fatal step.

THIRTY-SEVEN per cent expressed a preference for engagements lasting a year or more. Another 25 per cent thought six months was long enough. Practically all the girls frowned on so-called wartime "furlough romances." Five per cent favored "short" engagements.

Although the girls emphatically denied that they came to college in quest of a husband, the survey showed that the campus, despite the current scarcity of men, continues to play an important role in matchmaking. Of the senior girls questioned, 50 per cent admitted they were engaged.

The percentage fell sharply in the direction of the lower age groups—44 per cent of the juniors were engaged, 19 per cent of the sophomores, and 12 and one-half per cent of the freshmen.

The co-eds agreed that the ideal marriage age for a woman is 23. A man, they decided, should be 25.

Most of the girls met their future husbands through their own social contacts and not those of their families. Only about one girl in nine found her fiance in her home town and only about one in eight became acquainted with her future husband through her own family.

ADVERTISEMENT

"Not so fast Bud... wait till I get this bulb... it's a G-E Mazda lamp—made to stay brighter longer!"

"TO MAKE LAMPS STAY BRIGHTER LONGER"
The Creed of G-E LAMP RESEARCH

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Thousands of readers of this magazine retain issues containing the great stories which appear in it in their libraries where they may be re-read time and time again.

Mmmm! what Lather!

Step into the tub and lather up a dainty, oval cake of SweetHeart Soap. Right away, you get billows of creamy, velvet-soft lather . . . not thin, skimpy soapsuds. *Fragrant* lather, too—delicate and flower-fresh.

A bath or shampoo with SweetHeart Soap is *pure pleasure* . . . for this rich lather cleanses gently, yet thoroughly — leaves skin and hair radiantly clean, soft and smooth.

Change to pure, mild SweetHeart Soap today — and get the beauty-benefits of rich, abundant lather.

The soap that agrees with your skin

Air gets around oval cake of SweetHeart Soap—dries fast—helps avoid messy, wasteful soap-dish "jelly."

SWEETHEART
TOILET SOAP

Kill That Poison, Don't Catch It

Along Streams, in Woodlots and on Waste Lands the Vicious Vine Is a Constant Menace to the Unwary.

Watch Out for Swamp-Growing Sumac, Too. The Dry-Land Type Usually Is Not Poisonous.

By ROBERT D. POTTER
Science Editor

MAYBE "Liddle lambsey divey, a kiddley divey too," as the song puts it, but it's still sound advice for most folks—song writers included—to stay away from poison ivy.

Digging into the mine of medical literature shows that the only humans who ever rivaled the little lambs and the kids of the popular song were the American Indians.

Back in the stone age of American medicine, before Columbus stumbled on our shores, the not-so-dumb Indians ate poison ivy leaves to build immunity to the vicious plant.

Today modern doctors are still trying to catch up with old Chief Kickapoo's trick by giving their patients injections of poison ivy toxin for exactly the same reason.

But there's a new method of attacking the summertime vacation plague at the root, through a recently perfected chemical that is really a poison to poison ivy.

It's a lucky break for 1941 vacationists, picnickers, kids down at the ol' swimmin' hole, and the golfers in the rough.

This new weapon against one of man's most annoying plant enemies is a spray of ammonium sulfamate, harmless to animals and man, but death to rhus toxiciodendron (poison ivy to you.)

Anyone who has ever tried to get rid of poison ivy plants knows how persistently they decline to cooperate.

To cut them off and leave the roots is worthless, because the plant only comes up again, and quickly. And pulling them up by the roots is just asking for some more real trouble.

But rhus toxiciodendron gives up if you dissolve a pound of ammonium sulfamate powder in a gallon of water, and start spraying.

Once the poison is on, the plant is marked for death.

Ammonium sulfamate got its start in 1938 when du Pont chemists mixed urea and fuming sulfuric acid and came up with sulfamic acid, now produced in commercial quantities.

By taking the ammonium salt of sulfamic acid, chemists then went on to create ammonium sulfamate.

Scientists see the use of ammonium sulfamate gradually cleaning up the poison ivy problem throughout the nation. Every parent in suburban or rural communities, whose children come home from play with the vicious rash of poison ivy, becomes a potential customer who will really attack the plant pest.

Enterprising towns will eradicate poison ivy, as will golf courses. In fact, the links of the Country Club at Wilmington, Del., already boasts that no wanderer in the rough picks up poison ivy while hunting frantically for his golf ball.

You Can Save Yourself Plenty of Grief by Avoiding Green, Waxy Leaves of Poison Ivy.

The Old Swimmin' Hole, One of the Most Pleasant, and Dangerous, Spots for Youngsters—Before and After Use of a New Chemical Eradicator.

But the best antidote of all is to get rid of the plant.

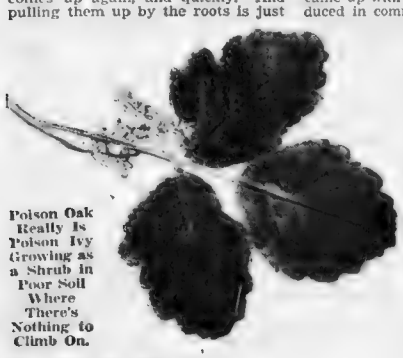
But since eradication of poison ivy is bound to be a slow process, everyone should protect himself.

A time-tried preventative is to allow a thick lather of strong soap to dry on the hands and forearms. With good old laundry soap, work up the lather with as little water as possible. Keep on rubbing it in until it dries. The hands will then be covered with the coating of paste. Its strong alkali combats the secretions of the poison ivy plant. This may take some time, but the results justify the effort that it takes.

Another bug in the soap-paste-coating prevention method is that perspiration gradually dissolves the soap and you have to put it on again.

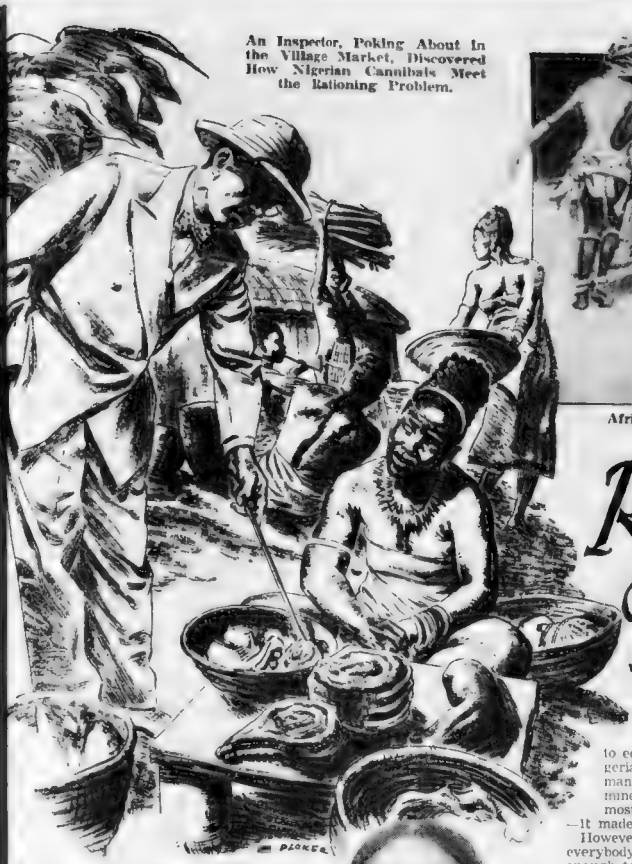
Scientists at the U. S. Public Health Service have recommended a special vanishing cream application to prevent ivy poisoning.

Crystals of ten per cent sodium perborate or of two per cent potassium periodate are ground into a fine powder and added to the vanishing cream. This mixture is thoroughly rubbed into the face and arms before exposure to poison ivy. As the cream vanishes, the hands and arms are covered with the powder. After a few hours the powder is washed off the skin and a new application made.



Poison Oak Really Is Poison Ivy Growing as a Shrub in Poor Soil Where There's Nothing to Climb On.

Old Stone Walls, Even on a Well-Tended Golf Course, Are a Likely Hideout for the Treacherous Poison Plants.



An Inspector, Poking About In the Village Market, Discovered How Nigerian Cannibals Meet the Rationing Problem.

African Maidens Working Up an Appetite in the Ceremonial Dance That Preceded Feasts Where Human Flesh Was the Main Dish.

Rationing—For Cannibals

By CHARLES ROBBINS

THEY have been having a little [illegible] trouble in the African [illegible] of Nigeria.

The matter attracted official attention a few months ago, when a British government inspector, nosing around among the villages, stumbled on some odd-looking cuts of meat.

Recognition came suddenly and [illegible].

No [illegible], gazelle, lion, buffalo or gnu the local supplied these cuts. They had been hewn directly from human [illegible].

One [illegible] another the natives were called up for questioning. Who was responsible for this outrage?

Nobody, to judge from the jabbered protestations, the grisly steaks had just dropped from the blue.

In desperation, the inspector at last rolled up his sleeve and, pointing to his own good right arm, asked a group of headmen how that would taste to them.

No Vegetarian This Nigerian Glamour Girl.

Most of his listeners discreetly lowered their eyes, but one warrior ran his tongue over his lips and replied: "Like a breast of chicken."

The inspector then hastily lowered his sleeve.

When he had reported the case, a general investigation revealed that cannibalism, long suppressed, was being revived throughout Nigeria.

American housewives may be interested to learn that food rationing seems to have set their dusky African counterparts to eating each other.

The rationing was first instituted among the 50,000-odd workers in the rich tin and coal mines of the Bauchi plateau.

With the increased demand for its products—following the outbreak of war—the mining area assumed the characteristics of boom-towns. Wages went up; additional labor poured in, and there developed serious shortages of services and supplies.

Such staples of the miners' diet as rice, corn, fish and biscuit always had to be imported. Moreover, the food transportation system was pretty rudimentary.

When, under the new wartime pressure, it showed signs of breaking down altogether, rationing was put into effect.

Rationing takes a good deal of explaining, even to educated people. To the Nigerian natives—especially to the many who had been lured to the mine districts from villages almost untouched by civilization—it made no sense at all.

However, one thing was clear to everybody; they weren't getting enough to eat.

The more docile met the situation by tightening their breech clouts; the more savage, by a reversion to cannibalism, which they had been only a jump ahead of, anyhow.

Stealing, in many cases, paved the way to the latter solution. For example, Miner A would pilfer some of Miner B's corn rations. Discovering the identity of the thief, Miner B would then say to himself: "He eat my food. Okay, I eat him. Then we even."

Others reasoned the thing out along these lines: "White man say save food. Food scarce. Lots of people, though. Okay. Eat people, save food, please white man."

Since the logic of that is practically irrefutable, the white man's alarmed reaction to the results must have seemed just another stunning proof of his generally nonsensical behavior.

From Bauchi—which is sort of the cultural center, the New York, of Nigeria—word quickly spread to the surrounding tribes that cannibalism was coming back into vogue.

The news was received enthusiastically by bucks and ladies of fashion.

Soon afterwards, the inspector discovered the human cuts in the village market, and soon after that the British called a great palaver of the principal chiefs to discuss ways and means of combating the menace.

Accompanied by their head men and interpreters, the chiefs assembled at Mapo. The Akarigbo of Ijebu-Remo wore a bishop's mitre; the Olu Niarre, of Western Urhobo, a ducal coronet; and the Pere of Ug Akugbene Ijaw, a loose pork-pie hat.

If Nigerians Could Be Kept From Filing Their Teeth, the Chiefs Suggest, Perhaps They'd Stop Eating Each Other.

While the Governor's aide praised their efforts to increase food production, they smiled; when he mentioned cannibalism, they clicked their tongues.

If there were any more cannibalism now than before, it was all the fault of the headhunters, they said. What could you do with a headhunter? He hunted heads. That was his business and his pride.

They clung stubbornly to this thesis until at length one wise old chief remarked that personally he didn't see anything wrong with cannibalism, but, if it became too popular they would have to ration people as well as corn.

However, he went on, if the British were really serious about wanting to abolish the practice, why not forbid the filing of teeth? With unsharpened teeth, the eating of human flesh would be more of a chore than a pleasure.

This seemed a cynical way of attacking the problem, but, since it was the best idea the conference turned up, an effort is being made to determine whether there is any effective means to keep hungry natives from filing their teeth.

The Akarigbo of Ijebu-Remo Wearing the Ceremonial Garb In Which He Attended the Conference on Cannibalism.

OVER HERE!

Fortified against Fatigue by Victory Vitamin C, every body "over here" must be armed with red-blooded vigor—to dig into his war job like a Commando!

OVER THERE!

When Danger Strikes! Bodies that are well armed with Victory Vitamin C fight weakness, deadly germs, colds, infection. Wounds and cuts are more sure to heal!

OVER HERE!

For Fast Growing America today, tomorrow—and always. Vitamin C can't be stored in the body. For healthy, sturdy growth, every body needs vitamin C every day!

OVER THERE!

Because a Commando's muscles must be hard as nails—every tissue firm—every bone in his body solid and strong . . . he gets vitamin C every day!

THESE are the days!

EVERYWHERE!

FIGHT Infections! FIGHT Fatigue! FIGHT Weakness! FIGHT Colds! FIGHT Absenteeism!

...the days when all America must have VICTORY VITAMIN C

Under skies alive with screaming dive bombers—over seas infested with treacherous wolf packs—millions of cans of Florida Grapefruit Juice have followed our boys to the ends of the earth—to supply them with precious vitamin C.

"Over There"—and Over Here—America is on the attack! These are the days when every body must be fortified with vitamin C. That's why grapefruit juice is shipped to all front-line fighters . . . And why Uncle Sam has planned to assure a supply for you. Every day in 1944—every day in the Peace to come—this is a vitamin needed to fight fatigue, infections, colds. So always on your marketing list, put grapefruit juice at the top!

IT'S THE COMMANDO FRUIT!

Rich in vitamin C that Commandos get daily! 7 days a week—365 days a year—*these* are the days to fortify all with the **Commando Fruit!**

AND 2 OTHER JUICES —RICH IN VITAMIN C!

Although Uncle Sam has set aside the entire supply of canned grapefruit sections, and most of the canned orange juice, blended juice, and concentrates for the armed forces—some orange juice and blended juice is available for civilians. Two delicious juices—both rich in vitamin C!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION • *Lakeland, Florida*

Canned

FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

RICH IN VICTORY VITAMIN C

Leg muscles lame? Apply a few drops of Absorbine Jr., rubbing it in. This helps to increase circulation in the affected areas so that fresh blood can carry fatigue acids away! You'll get real relief—soon! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. $1.25 a bottle at drugstores.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE Jr.

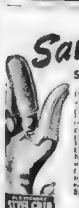
Keep your toilet clean
WITHOUT SCRUBBING

Of course your toilet must be kept clean. But don't scrub with cans, powders or disinfectants. Use Sani-Flush twice a week to remove stains and the recurring, unsightly film where toilet germs breed. Removes a cause of toilet odors.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. Doesn't injure toilet connections. (See directions on can.) Sold everywhere, in two convenient sizes

Sani-Flush

QUICK
EASY
SANITARY



Made of soft leather on the outside, reinforced with steel grip. Easy to put on and off. Use on any kind of work. Keeps fingers from getting caught in machines. Protects fingers and knuckles from cuts, bruises, burns, etc. Fits

Ears for China

ONE would hardly think that a dentist in Ventura, California, would be of much use in time of war, but that's what Dr. [illegible] F. Stuart, American, would like you to know as he goes about daily duties in the Far East.

It's morning at 6 a. m., Pacific Coast time, when Dr. Stuart tumbles out of bed and heads for the radio room on the second floor of his home. There he snaps on his powerful shortwave receiver, adjusts his earphones, and tunes in distant Chungking. By official appointment, he is the American Listening Post for the Chinese Government.

Every Morning the California Dentist Officially Tunes In on Far-Away China.

Daily Dr. Stuart records Chinese communiques, government announcements, and spot news. He relays all he picks up to the Chinese News Service in New York City which, in turn, keeps the American press informed.

When the United States and Japan were plunged into war in December, 1941, all normal transpacific communications came to a halt. Shortwave radio was the only remaining link. Fortunately, the Chungking broadcasting station, located deep in a granite dugout in the suburbs of the provisional Chinese capital, [illegible] by the Japanese.

It was then that the Chinese Government came to Dr. Stuart, [illegible] the Pacific Coast, and asked him to take over as the official listening post. Since that time he has been working his radio set for two hours every morning as the Voice for China.

Dr. Stuart, who received his first amateur radio license at the age of 13, has little difficulty in copying Chungking. Reception is usually clear. The Chinese broadcasting is sometimes done by an American, but more often by an English-speaking native, Peng Loshan.

Dr. Stuart handles all kinds of communications for the Chinese—and on one occasion got an entire book from Chungking to the printers in New York.

In addition to his official dispatches, the Ventura dentist also takes care of personal messages via the so-called "Chungking Mail Bag." Chinese and Americans in the capital are allowed to send short messages to relatives and friends in America via Dr. Stuart, who mails them out.

Everybody's whistling this —

Hap-py Lit-tle Wash-day Song

RIN-SO WHITE

• Although lovely little Marguerite Jones is only 4½-years old, she takes dancing and elocution lessons. She loves tap dancing best. She lives in Sunnyside, Long Island.

Marg and I both whistle on washday when we see how Rinso GETS OUT MORE DIRT

YOU SAW HOW DAZZLING WHITE RINSO WASHES CLOTHES, NOW SEE WHY I CALL IT "MAGIC" FOR WASHABLE COLORS
GOLLY! MY JUMPER LOOKS BRIGHT AS NEW

"Folks! This is Amos 'n' Andy reminding you to tune in our show FRIDAY NIGHT for one half hour of fun over NBC."
"And DON'T WASTE SOAP—just use enough Rinso to keep 2 or 3 inches of suds—and do a full load of wash."

THESE BUSY DAYS I'D BE LOST WITHOUT RINSO. IT SAVES ME SO MUCH TIME AND WORK. AND EVEN DOWNRIGHT DIRTY CLOTHES ARE EASY TO GET SPOTLESSLY CLEAN

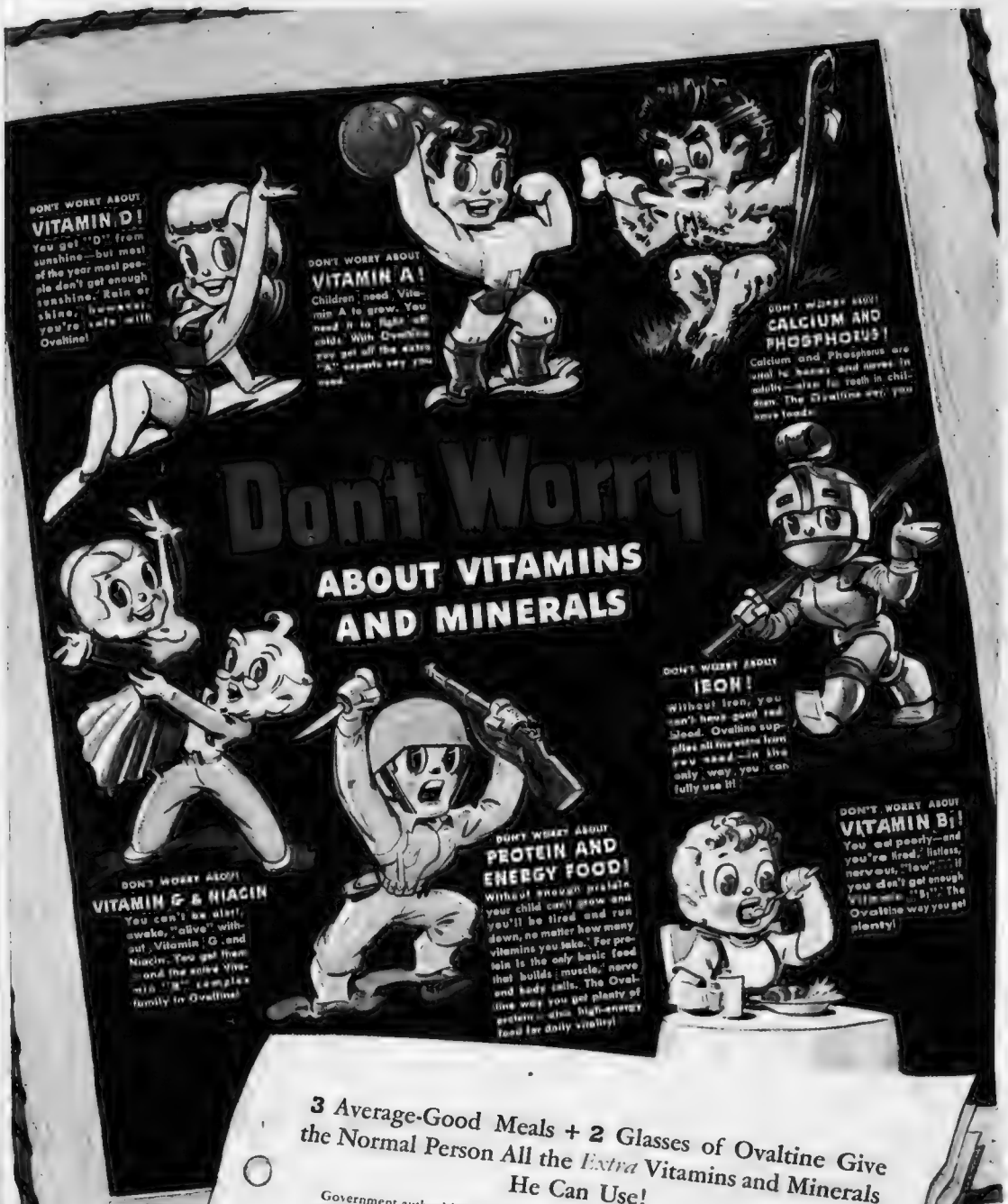
Longer Wearing Beauty For Your FLOORS

NEW Self Polishing Simoniz for Floors shines as it dries

"Nothing even compares with it!" is the verdict of countless thousands who are already using Self Polishing Simoniz. Quick and economical. Just pour on Self Polishing Simoniz! Spread! Dries to a shine in twenty minutes. Gives your floors same long lasting beauty which makes Simoniz so famous for automobiles. Easily wiped clean with a damp cloth. Buy and try Self Polishing Simoniz right away!

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ HOUSEWIVES DO LIKEWISE

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY • CHICAGO, U. S. A.


DON'T WORRY ABOUT
VITAMIN D!
You get "D" from sunshine—but most of the year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, however, you're safe with Ovaltine!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT
VITAMIN A!
Children need Vitamin A to grow. You need it to fight off colds. With Ovaltine you get all the extra "A" experts say you need.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT
CALCIUM AND PHOSPHORUS!
Calcium and Phosphorus are vital to bones and nerves in adults—also for teeth in children. The Ovaltine way you have both!
Don't Worry
ABOUT VITAMINS AND MINERALS
DON'T WORRY ABOUT
IRON!
Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra iron you need—in the only way you can fully use it!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT
VITAMIN G & NIACIN
You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without Vitamin G and Niacin. You get them—and the entire Vitamin "B" complex family in Ovaltine!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT
PROTEIN AND ENERGY FOOD!
Without enough protein your child can't grow and you'll be tired and run down, no matter how many vitamins you take. For protein is the only basic food that builds muscle, nerve and body cells. The Ovaltine way you get plenty of protein—plus high-energy food for daily vitality!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT
VITAMIN B1!
You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low"—if you don't get enough Vitamin "B1". The Ovaltine way you get plenty!

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the *Extra* Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use!

Government authorities say that 3 out of 4 people are under par—nervous, underweight, easily fatigued—because they don't get enough vitamins and minerals from their meals!

But you needn't worry if you are an Ovaltine user! Because 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and just 3 average-good meals including citrus fruit or tomatoes—will give you all the vitamins and minerals you need! All you can profitably use for perfect health, according to experts—unless you're sick and should be under a doctor's care.

Equally important, Ovaltine also supplies high-energy food as well as *protein*, the only basic substance from which the body creates the living tissue of muscles and nerves. If your child doesn't get enough protein he can't grow, no matter how many vitamins he takes! If you don't get enough, you can't repair or replace worn-out tissue —you'll be tired and run down in spite of plenty of vitamins. But the Ovaltine way you get all the protein you need, for utmost vitality.

So don't worry about vitamins, minerals *or* protein! Just follow the Ovaltine way for better health!

3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING

WARNING: Authorities say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply *all* the vitamins and minerals you need for health—even with careful meal-planning —because shipping, storing, cooking reduce vitamin-mineral values of food. Today's food shortages make it more important to rely on Ovaltine for extra vitamins and minerals.

Buck Skein

made in a

NEW FABRIC!
WATER-REPELLENT

$10 each

Imagine a zipper-front, water-repellent jacket that surpasses even the finest you knew, in the pre-war days!

Yes, my Buck Skein Jacket not only keeps you dry in the rain, but it is practically windproof. You'll wear it for work and sports . . . in almost any weather 9 months of the year . . . on chilly days, damp days, in sun and rain, through Spring, Summer and Fall! You'll say you've never enjoyed a more practical, better looking jacket.

The secret is in my amazing Lustray fabric. Actually, it is two different fabrics woven in one, as pictured above. The outside is cotton twill . . . soft and luxurious. The inside is satin-back rayon, with a rich, brilliant lustre and sheen. With all its soft, smooth-ness, this fabric is so tough, the Army used it for the uniforms of parachute troops. It takes a 250 lb. pull to rip it apart! Yet it's as light as a feather. The whole jacket weighs just 18 ounces!

The new sport grey-tan color is guaranteed rainproof. Features Adjustable metal waist straps and cuffs, and safety-flap pockets. And remember, a full length zipper front.

GO TO YOUR DEALER. If he is all sold out *Mail the Coupon* now and I'll see you get your jacket at once. To millions of old friends—yes, and to you, Wives, Mothers, and Sweethearts—because raw materials are so limited, give a Buck Skein to the one in the family who needs it most.

As ever,

Buck Skein Joe

Lustray Knit & Co., Inc.
512 Fifth Ave. Dept. K 5
New York City

See that I get the Buck Skein Jacket at once

Chest size

Here's my check [ ] or money order [ ] for $10

Name

Address

FIXES NICKS FAST!

Dents and nicks can be filled in quickly with PLASTIC WOOD! Handles like putty; hardens into wood. At Paint, Hardware, and 10¢ Stores

PLASTIC WOOD

The American Weekly Is Tops

There's No Excuse

Ava Gardner, MGM Star, in One of the New Two-Piece Sun and Swim Suits, Such as Will Be Popular Soon and Require Extra Grooming by the Wearers.

By URSULA TROW

IT'S a rare thing these days to see a gentleman give his seat in the subway to a lady. But when a woman does it, that's news!

She was shy and reluctant about telling the reason, but I did manage to get to the bottom of it.

"See that lady who was sitting next to me?" she whispered. "Well, I hope I didn't hurt her feelings, but . . . people don't realize what havoc physical labor wreaks on personal daintiness."

I thought she meant "reek" and when I got closer to the woman in question I knew she meant "reek."

Deodorants

AND there's absolutely no excuse for this lack of grooming! The stores are full of every kind, shape, and form of deodorant . . . creams, pastes, liquids, powders . . . designed to meet every need for every person.

Some deodorants work to neutralize perspiration odor; others dry as well as neutralize. It's up to you which you need and choose. Your druggist can usually advise you on the reliability and effectiveness of products.

Of course, a deodorant won't take the place of a bath, but neither will a bath do the work of a deodorant. The system which works with best results for women who pride themselves on daintiness and charm of person is bath first, and the use of their favorite deodorant afterwards, and the deodorant used again in a few hours.

Depilatories

THERE'S another grooming flaw—unseemly hair growth on legs and arms—especially noticeable at this time of year when sun suits, bathing suits, and bare legs are more in evidence.

There are dry depilatories in disc or cake forms with a gentle pumice-like action, creams, lotions, wax, and liquids, that leave your skin soft and smooth.

Some products are equally effective on the face as on legs and arms, while other manufacturers make special preparations for hair on the chin and upper lip. Read the maker's directions.

Too busy for this little extra grooming? That's no excuse. Deodorants and depilatories should be as much a part of your daily care as your bath. And if you have the time to go shopping for lovely new clothes, you've got to make time for the little extra attention so necessary to charming feminine daintiness.

This has never been so true as in the present summer when every fashion trend emphasizes this need for constant and careful attention to your body.

For New Glamor
—the only "COLOR-KEYED"
Face Powder in the World

BANISH misfit make-up! Be your loveliest! Simply choose your correct colors from the Park & Tilford Shade Selector below. It's America's most sensational beauty discovery! Park & Tilford Face Powder is vacuum-sifted to super fineness . . . stays on for hours . . . never cakes. $1, 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ purse sizes at drug, department and variety stores. Buy Park & Tilford Face Powder, for new glamor . . . today!

FIND YOUR COLOR GROUP

GROUP 1 (FAIR) — NATURAL, LIGHT RACHEL, DARK RACHEL, ROSE GLOW

GROUP 2 (MEDIUM) — DARK ROSE GLOW, GOLDEN RACHEL, BRUNETTE

GROUP 3 (DARK) — LIGHT WAIT BROWN, WAIT BROWN

In YOUR GROUP choose the darker shades for daytime, the lighter for evening.

PARK & TILFORD
"COLOR-KEYED"
Face Powder

If you could see germs as you can see dirt you'd realize the value of CLOROX CLEANLINESS!

WHY TAKE CHANCES! "When it's CLOROX-CLEAN it's hygienically clean!"

EVEN though you remove the visible dirt when you clean the kitchen or bathroom, infection dangers invisible to the eye may still remain. But it's easy to provide added health protection in your home by simply using Clorox. For Clorox goes far beyond ordinary cleansing . . . it disinfects in routine cleansing of household "danger zones" . . . deodorizes and removes stains, too. In laundering, Clorox gently bleaches white cottons and linens snowy-white (brightens fast colors), makes them fresh-smelling, sanitary . . . lessens rubbing, thus conserving hard-to-replace linens. And Clorox is ultra-refined . . . free from caustic, an exclusive patented quality-feature. Clorox has the same full strength, the same high quality standards, today as always. For greater health protection, for a cleaner, safer kitchen and bathroom, for a whiter, brighter wash, simply use Clorox as directed on the label. There is only one Clorox . . . always order by name.

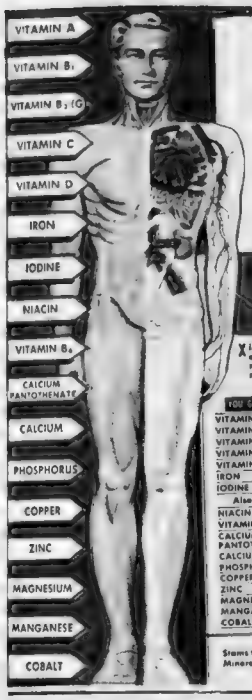
AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT

CLOROX
FREE FROM CAUSTIC

Disinfects
DEODORIZES BLEACHES
REMOVES STAINS

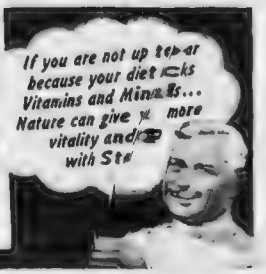
BUY WAR BONDS

Copr. 1944 Clorox Chemical Co.



NOW! This Amazing New 8-Vitamin, 9-Mineral Tablet

Takes The Place Of All Less Potent Preparations


If you are not up to par because your diet lacks Vitamins and Minerals... Nature can give you more vitality and pep with Stams

COMPARE STAMS WITH 4 OTHER POPULAR BRANDS

X Indicates Vitamins and Minerals present in daily dosage quantities that meet or exceed minimum adult daily requirements of U. S. Government.

YOU GET MORE	STAMS	OTHER BRANDS 1	2	3	4
VITAMIN A	X	X	X	X	X
VITAMIN B_1	X	X	X	X	X
VITAMIN B_2 (G)	X	X		X	X
VITAMIN C	X	X	X	X	X
VITAMIN D	X	X	X	X	X
IRON	X	X		X	
IODINE	X				
Also—these vitamins and minerals (a)					
NIACIN	*	*		*	*
VITAMIN B_6	*	*			*
CALCIUM PANTOTHENATE	*	*			*
CALCIUM	*			*	
PHOSPHORUS	*			*	
COPPER	*				
ZINC	*				
MAGNESIUM	*				
MANGANESE	*				
COBALT	*				

Stams Contain 80% More Different Vitamins and Minerals Than Any of These 4 Leading Brands

1 Stams Tablets Contain Full Amounts of All Vitamins For Which The U. S. Govt. Has Set Minimum Requirements, Namely A, B_1, B_2, C, D.*

2 Stams Also Give You Niacin, 2 Additional B Complex Vitamins and 9 Minerals.*

Stams Meet Multi-Vitamin Principle Approved by Official Committee of Doctors.

FULL POTENCY GUARANTEED

Including 5 Vitamins of the B Complex

NOW at last! One of the world's largest producers does for vitamins and minerals what Henry Ford did for the automobile: banishes guesswork; banishes high cost.

An amazing new vitamin-tablet invention containing 8 vitamins and 9 minerals that takes the place of less potent vitamin preparations for the average person.

Made to sell at a price millions can afford. This new invention is called Stams Multi-Vitamin and Mineral Tablets. Full vitamin and mineral potency is guaranteed as stated on the package. Or your money back.

If you are not up to par because your diet lacks vitamins and minerals, Nature can give you more vitality and pep with Stams.

Stams cost less than a penny a day to take in the economy size—less than ½ the price of cigarettes. Get Stams at any drug or department store. Take three tablets a day. You'll be glad you did.

*Each tablet per day supply not only the full minimum daily requirements of Vitamins A, B_1, B_2, C, D, but also that of Iron and Iodine, ½ Calcium, ½ the Phosphorus and 10 mg. of Niacin. Also 2 additional B Complex vitamins and 5 other minerals, the need for which in human nutrition has not been established, but considered important by many authorities.

DISTRIBUTED BY PHARMACEUTICAL DIVISION, STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED

ON SALE AT ALL DRUGSTORES

24 Tablets Only **49¢** 96 Tablets, $1.69 Economy Size, 270 Tablets, $4.48

FLAVOR did it!

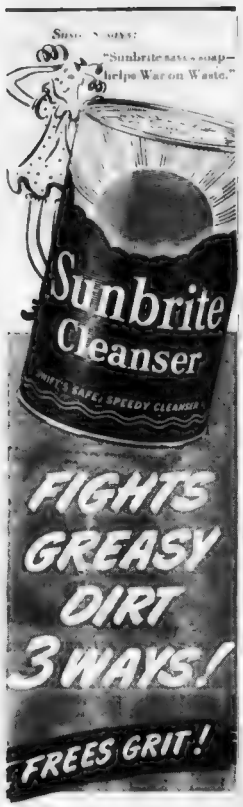
HALF A CUP OF FLAVOR?

OR

FLAVORFULL CHASE & SANBORN!

Chase & Sanborn's FLAVOR brings biggest swing in Coffee History!

FINER FLAVOR—and more of it—in every cup of coffee you drink! That's what more and more people want. That's *why* Chase & Sanborn has gained more new friends in the past year than any other coffee. For today's light cream and top milk emphasize the quality of coffee as never before. And the Chase & Sanborn we are making now is one of the most enjoyable in our 80 years of experience. Try it! See why the biggest swing in coffee history is to flavorFULL Chase & Sanborn!



Sunbrite's fine-grained abrasive knocks the sox off grit and grime 'round the house without damaging surfaces. Puts new sparkle in your pots and pans—fast!

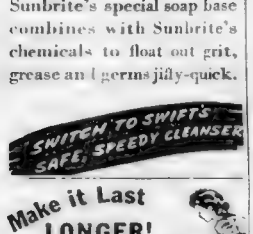
CUTS GREASE!

Sunbrite's gentle chemicals cut grease easily, without stinging your hands or wearing out your precious aluminum pans.

ROUTS GERMS!

Sunbrite's special soap base combines with Sunbrite's chemicals to float out grit, grease and germs jiffy-quick.

SWITCH TO SWIFT'S SAFE, SPEEDY CLEANSER



HOUSEHOLD ALMANAC

Plan Meals for Health

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Women's Editor

THERE is promise of great efficiency and time-saving in the streamlined glass and shining metal kitchens which, some time in the future, will be ours. As part of this efficiency in most of the model displays which far-seeing manufacturers have already set up, there is a writing corner for the woman of the house.

Maybe this corner for menu planning, adding up the grocery bills, copying new recipes, is nothing more than a writing ledge with a small modern stool below it. But it is a worthy descendent of the comfortable old rocking chair Grandmother had in her kitchen. There she sat to rest a few minutes while the bread baked in a coal or wood range. Her busy hands kept on with the mending or some special knitting. And at the same time she was thinking about what she would cook for next Sunday's dinner when the minister came home with the family from church.

Grandma's Day

GRANDMOTHER planned her meals on what was ripe in the garden and orchard, what was available in the big cellar and dairy and pantry. There was always plenty, and the family could count their fill of all the good things they hungered for.

Meals did not have to be planned so carefully in those days. Plenty of food was at hand and more times than not everything eaten at the family table was raised on their own land, or bought at a nearby general store.

Now the homemaker's question is, "What shall we eat today?" or "What shall we eat for lunch?" Or dinner, or breakfast. Too many busy women go into the kitchen and haphazardly select something to cook. Or they call the grocer and order certain foods only because they are easily and quickly cooked.

The results of this show up in nutritional ailments of various kinds, which have so many bad effects on blood, bones and teeth, body tone and general vitality that the doctors as yet haven't been able to list them all. But nutritional sickness is widespread in this country; thousands of boys were disqualified for the armed services because of such deficiency.

Today's Plan

MEAL planning need not be a chore. If three meals, or the whole week's menus are planned at one time, a simple rule of what to serve can be followed. Results: better fed family, better health all around, lowered grocery bills and wider use of ration points.

Include in the day a body-building food, enough energy foods for activity needs, protective fresh fruits and vegetables, and other dishes as desired.

Plan the three meals of the day as a whole to include some time in each day these:

At least one pint of milk; cheese may replace part of the milk; the milk may be a beverage or used in cooked dishes; evaporated or dried milk may be used.

Two or three servings of fruit, at least one of them uncooked; one of these should be citrus (lemon, orange, grapefruit, lime) or tomato, as juice or whole.

Two or three servings of vegetables; one should be a yellow or green vegetable, and one a root vegetable such as potatoes. Serve raw vegetables often; salads help replace fruit if fruit is scarce.

Cereals and bread, whole grain, or enriched or fortified. Read labels to be sure of these qualities in what you buy.

Butter, or fortified margarine, together with occasional servings of peanut butter and other spreads. Cream, or rich top milk, served with the cereals may replace part of the butter.

At least one egg a day for each person is recommended in a good diet; or three or four in the week.

A serving of meat, fish, poultry (or dried beans, peas or nuts) should be included in the day's meals.

Nourishing Drinks Are Important

ONE way of getting the day's milk requirement is in nourishing drinks. These may be served with meals or any other time during the day.

Make this chocolate syrup as a base for such drinks: add two tablespoons of the syrup to one cup of milk for a plain chocolate milk shake.

Chocolate Syrup

3 squares unsweetened chocolate
⅔ cup water
½ cup sugar
½ cup corn syrup
½ teaspoon vanilla
⅛ teaspoon salt

Place the chocolate and water in a saucepan. Cook it slowly until thick and well blended, stirring constantly. Add the sugar and salt. Bring it to boiling and boil two minutes, stirring constantly. (For a thicker sauce boil four minutes). Add the corn syrup and bring it again to boiling.

Remove from the heat and let it cool slightly. Then add the vanilla. Pour this into a glass jar; cover it tightly and keep it in the refrigerator until needed. This makes about one and one-half cups of syrup. It can also be served hot or cold as a sauce on desserts.

Chocolate Malted Milk

2 tablespoons malted milk powder
2 tablespoons chocolate syrup
1 cup cold milk

Add the malted milk powder to the syrup, stirring until smooth and thoroughly blended. Add the milk slowly, stirring constantly. Beat or shake well with cracked ice. Pour into tall glasses and serve at once.

Appetite Appeal

AND make the meals interesting. Vary the ways of serving the same food. Avoid too many foods of the same color. Provide contrast in flavor, such as sweet and sour. Provide contrast in texture, such as hard, crisp, soft. Don't serve a heavy creamed dish and follow it with a rich dessert and a sauce.

Foods do more for us when we enjoy them, so appetite appeal is important. Prepare food correctly and serve it attractively on a clean, prettily arranged table.

To Market

SHOPPING is easier if you make your list and then at the market feel free to substitute if necessary.

Look for and try new foods. Read labels. Study grades and quality. Buy and use good cook books, the free U. S. Government bulletins and the excellent recipe and menu leaflets many food companies issue for their products.

Check List of Essential Foods for Each Person Daily

Milk and Milk Products (cheese, evaporated or dried milk) at least a pint.

Fruits (oranges, tomatoes, grapefruit—fresh or canned), at least one of these.

Vegetables (green or yellow kinds—fresh or canned), one or more.

Other Vegetables and Fruits (potatoes, vegetables, and fruits in season or canned), one or more.

Bread and Cereal (whole grain or enriched products), 3 or more slices of bread, one helping of cereal.

Meat, Poultry, Fish (or meat substitutes including dried beans, peas, or nuts), one helping or more.

Eggs, three or four a week.

Butter and Other Spreads (including fortified margarine, peanut butter, etc.).

New Books For Homemakers

COOKING ON A RATION by Marjorie Mills, the well known radio and newspaper columnist, is a workable and interesting cook book written since point values were put on food. You can make up good dinners from soup to nuts, with her easy-to-follow recipes. The long list of suggestions for sandwiches will answer a good many summer entertaining, lunch-box and school-lunch questions. The beverage list for hot weather is a boon too. Don't overlook the excellent vegetable cookery-chart. You can really save ration points with this book. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, $2.00).

Grow Vegetables

"25 VEGETABLES ANYONE CAN GROW" by Ann Roe Robbins (Originally published 1942; this is a new edition). You cannot go wrong with your first garden, or with your crop of vegetables if you let this book guide you. Just follow the author's instructions on soil, seeds, the final produce and their storage. It is all there in the text, plus helpful illustrations. The book to keep handy for reference and help the whole year through. (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York, $2.50).

E. M.

ALMANAC CHARTS
will be sent on receipt of a 3-cent stamp for each:

18 Almanac Casserole Recipes
21 Almanac Potato Recipes
20 Popular Salad Recipes
18 Almanac Cookie Recipes
17 Favorite Pie Recipes
16 Favorite Cake Recipes
15 Favorite Bread and Roll Recipes
22 Favorite Hebrew Recipes
22 Almanac Preserves Recipes

Write your name and address plainly.

ALMANAC RECIPES DEPT., THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, 959 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

The first time you saw our Baby

She was 6 months old already. You'd been away so long, dear.

I could hardly bear to have you miss so much of our baby.

You said you could hardly bear to miss so much of me. The touch of my hands, you said. Softer even than you remembered.

I could have cried, dear, with joy and pride. And I silently thanked Jergens Lotion. The jobs I do for our baby had roughened my hands for a while; had taken the natural softeners from my skin. But Jergens Lotion, in no time, gave my hands back the softness and smoothness you love. From now on—I promise—I'll faithfully use Jergens Lotion.

Oh, yes—mothers of young babies use Jergens Lotion; nearly 50% more than any other hand care. Jergens Lotion tends roughened skin to delightful smoothness with 2 ingredients many doctors prescribe for this very purpose. So simple and quick. No sticky feeling. Pity the girl with rough hands and, for yourself, always use Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION
FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

Eggs The Right Way

MEAT shortages and rationing have made us pay more attention to the other protein foods, and high on the list of such are eggs. They are so important in the American diet this year that the home economists of the U. S. Department of Agriculture have been making special studies of egg cookery.

Low or Moderate Heat

THE most important rule, according to these experts, for cooking eggs alone or in a mixture, whether the cooking is done in water, frying pan, or oven, is: use low to moderate, even heat. Eggs cooked with too much heat become tough and leathery.

In custards and other egg-and-milk combinations, curdling is a problem which may be prevented, first, by proper mixing, and second by cooking at moderate heat until the mixture is firm, but no longer. When hot milk is added to egg, the sugar should be mixed with the egg, not with the milk. Then the milk should be added to the egg and sugar a little at a time.

Mixing Is Important

IN making a souffle, omelet or angel food cake, the mixing is especially important. To combine beaten whites with other mixtures, fold in the white with a light under-and-over motion instead of stirring it in. Fold a heavy mixture into the beaten whites, never the whites into the heavier mixture. Mix only long enough to combine the ingredients.

Meringues

MERINGUE for the top of pies and puddings calls for special mixing if it is to be tender and light yet firm with no wateriness. To make meringue beat the whites with a little salt until the foam forms soft moist peaks but is not dry. Then add the sugar, a tablespoon at a time, using two tablespoons for each egg white. Beat until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved and the meringue will pile well.

Have the pie cool before topping. Bake at 325 to 350 degrees fifteen to twenty minutes.

Summertime Patterns

PATTERN 3688—Brief bolero, sundress. Sizes 12 to 20, 30 to 40. Size 16, dress requires 2½ yards 35 inch fabric; bolero, 1 yard 35 inch fabric.

PATTERN 3689—Bonnet-pinafore twins. Sizes 2 to 10. Size 6, pinafore and bonnet require 2⅝ yards 35 inch fabric.

PATTERN 3008—Butterfly chair set of graceful pineapple design.

EACH PATTERN together with a needlework pattern of useful and decorative motifs for linens and garments, TWENTY CENTS.

Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send your order to the AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 635 Sixth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

It's The Long Slow Baking That Makes 'Em Extra Good

Look for delicious B & M Brick-Oven Baked Beans at your Grocer's. These New England favorites are really baked (not steamed) slowly . . . all day long . . . to give you true Down-East-recipe goodness. Whenever your Grocer is out, remember it's this long, slow baking that is keeping his present supply limited. Burnham & Morrill Company, Portland 2, Me.

GENUINE NEW ENGLAND
B&M
BRICK-OVEN
BAKED BEANS

HE'S GOT A SANDWICH MADE WITH FRENCH'S!

HOT DAN'S own sandwich...

Mix ½ cup chopped hard-boiled eggs with 1 tbsp. diced stuffed olives and 2 tbsp. French's Mustard. Spread between slices of whole wheat or cracked wheat bread.

French's gives the zesty *different* flavor men like.

SMOOTHER-CREAMIER
Finest spices and mustard seed money can buy

LARGEST SELLING PREPARED MUSTARD IN U. S.

FIRST *on the table*

LAST *off!*

...all through the meal!

IT'S GETTING TO BE a daily nation-wide habit! Women everywhere are finding how convenient it is to serve Krispy Crackers *all through meals.* These extra crisp, flaky, flavorful crackers have a surprising knack of adding tempting zest to soups, salads, jams, cheese—even to main course dishes!

Another important point to remember—there is *no waste* with Krispy Crackers because they stay fresh for weeks. Be sure to try them!...*You'll* get the Sunshine Krispy Cracker habit, too!

From the Thousand Window Bakeries of Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company

IT MAKES THE GRAVY

Today more than ever, gravy makes the meal. Kitchen Bouquet "makes the gravy"—by enhancing and bringing out true meat flavor—NOT by substituting an imitation flavor. Only Kitchen Bouquet gives you these results.

KITCHEN BOUQUET

★ MOTHER ★

CHILDREN SHOULD NOT SUCK THUMBS BITE NAILS

Housekeeping Helpers

By ELEANOR MERRITT

FOLLOW the instructions that the manufacturer sends with your vacuum cleaner, if you want it to do its best work for you. It should have regular attention so it can continue to give the best service. The cleaner bag should be emptied after every use. Once a week this should be turned inside out and brushed well. Brush out all its crevices and seams, then turn it back and brush off the right side too. Never try to wash or dry clean the bag. Check the various attachments also; be sure they fit properly and that the brushes are clean.

Keep It Clean

KEEP the vacuum cleaner brushes free from thread and hair. If a mass of thread has accumulated clip it with the scissors and pull it away gently with the fingers till the brush is free.

Do not jerk the cleaner back and forth. Go slowly and evenly over the carpet or rug. It cleans better this way. Be careful to avoid going over hairpins or small metal objects for these can break or injure the cleaner.

Today those parts are hard to replace. If your vacuum cleaner has a belt, check this once in a while to see that it is tight. A loose belt wastes power.

Watch the Cord

IN most communities cords can't be bought so take care of the long cleaner cord. Don't step on it, don't move furniture over it. When using the cleaner, hold the cord lariat-like in the left hand while pushing the cleaner with the other. Coil the cord gently and loosely when finished.

Pull the plug out of the wall outlet after you have turned the switch off, by taking hold of the plug itself. Never yank and pull. A sudden jerk may break the wires just where they enter the plug.

The Carpet Sweeper

KEEP the carpet sweeper clean if you want it to serve you well. Empty the dust bins after each using, and be sure the brushes are free from lint and hair and dust. Run the sweeper evenly, do not jerk it back and forth. Push it gently so you do not bump the furniture. Give the brushes a chance to spin and take up the dust. You need not bear down on it or work hard.

TINTEX is the ONLY ALL-FABRIC dye in the world for ONLY 10¢

(15¢ FOR THE LARGE SIZE)

Why pay more? INSIST ON TINTEX!

Yes, *insist* on Tintex. With Tintex you needn't pay any more than 10¢ or 15¢ to get a dye in a SINGLE box that dyes ALL fabrics! Comes in the *same* Tintex Gray Box millions have bought for years! ALL-FABRIC Tintex is easy, quick, perfect. Over 50 colors. In 10¢ and 15¢ sizes at drug, department and 10¢ stores. It's the *best* value, *best* quality in dye history! Buy ALL-FABRIC Tintex *today!*

GUARANTEED by PARK & TILFORD to dye *ALL* fabrics including Celanese, Nylon & Mixtures

Tintex All-fabric TINTS & DYES

PARK & TILFORD PRODUCT

NOW! Cakes stay fresh longer with NEW EASY-MIX SPRY

TRY AUNT JENNY'S TEMPTING FROSTY LEMON CAKE

NEW SPRY NOW AT YOUR GROCER'S IN SAME HANDY JAR

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

REMEMBER: "NEW SPRY'S JUST GREAT IN YOUR OLD RECIPES, TOO!"

MY FIRST CAKE AND I MIXED IT IN A JIFFY! WON'T BILL BE SURPRISED?
NEW SPRY, AN' MY 2-STEP METHOD, SAVES 2/3 THE MIXIN' TIME
WHAT A GIRL I MARRIED! MOST DELICIOUS CAKE I EVER TASTED
AUNT JENNY SHOWED ME—NEW SPRY MAKES LIGHTER CAKES
LATER THAT WEEK
SAY, THIS CAKE IS STILL FRESH AND MOIST!
YES, SIR! SPRY CAKES STAY FRESH MUCH LONGER

NO CREAMIN'—SAVES 2/3 MIXIN' TIME!

Dry Ingredients
2 cups sifted cake flour*
1¼ cups sugar
3½ teaspoons baking powder (with a tartrate powder use 5 teaspoons)
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Spry

Liquid Ingredients
1 cup milk
1½ teaspoons vanilla
3 egg whites, unbeaten

*All-purpose flour can be used but cake flour gives much better results.

Step 1. *Mix dry ingredients—no creaming needed.* Sift flour, sugar, baking powder and salt into mixing bowl. Drop in Spry. No mixing needed at this point—no creaming of shortening or sugar either.

Step 2. *Add liquids in easy stages—and mix.* Add about ⅔ of milk, then vanilla, and beat until perfectly smooth—about 100 strokes. See how quickly and easily your Spry batter blends. Scrape bowl and spoon and mix well.... Add egg whites and mix very thoroughly. Scrape bowl and spoon and mix.... Add remaining milk and beat until well blended. Again scrape and mix. Note the smoother, easier-pouring batter you get with new Spry.

Bake in two 8- or 9-inch Spry-coated layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Spread Lemon Filling between layers and dust with powdered sugar. See how your family cheers for the lighter, finer-grained cake you get with new Spry. And new Spry cakes stay fresh much longer, too!

LEMON FILLING

Mix together thoroughly in top of double boiler: ¾ cup sugar, 3 tablespoons flour, ⅛ teaspoon salt. Add ¼ cup lemon juice, grated rind of one lemon; mix well. Add ½ cup water and slightly beaten yolks of 3 eggs. Place over hot water and cook until smooth and thick, stirring constantly (about 15 minutes). Cool; spread between cake layers.

Grand for ALL Bakin', Fryin'

"Folks, it's so easy now to mix a cake—takes ⅔ less time an' there's only one bowl to wash up! Such delicious cakes, too, with New Easy-Mix Spry ... you'll *prefer* to keep scarce, high-point butter for table use. An' change to Spry for *all* your bakin' an' fryin' ... see how your folks enjoy your tender, flaky piecrust an' crispy, delicate-tastin', digestible fried foods!"

M·G·M's SHIP-SHAPELY SHOW!
Big! Beautiful! Romantic! Riotous! Joy ahoy! You'll "see the world" of fun and love and melody in this mighty musical launched for your delight!
TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR
VAN JOHNSON
JUNE ALLYSON · GLORIA DeHAVEN
JOSE ITURBI
JIMMY DURANTE
GRACIE ALLEN · LENA HORNE
HARRY JAMES AND HIS MUSIC MAKERS WITH HELEN FORREST
XAVIER CUGAT AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH LINA ROMAY
Hear these song-hits: "Sweet And Lovely" "Granada" "The Trembling Of A Leaf" "Take It Easy" "My Mother-Told Me"
TOM DRAKE ★ HENRY STEPHENSON ★ HENRY O'NEILL
BEN BLUE ★ CARLOS RAMIREZ ★ FRANK SULLY
ALBERT COATES ★ DONALD MEEK ★ AMPARO NOVARRO
★ VIRGINIA O'BRIEN ★ WILDE TWINS
Original Screen Play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
Directed by RICHARD THORPE